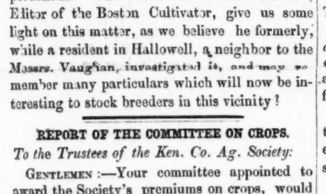
MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

VOL. XXI. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1853. NO. 2.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

THE VAUGHAN CATTLE.

A correspondent writes as follows:—"Will you have the goodness to inform me, through your paper, of what breed the cattle imported by Charles Vaughan, Esq., were. I mean his last importations. S. S. K.

The cattle imported by the Messrs. Vaughans were undoubtedly of the Bakewell breeds. We do not know at what period the last importations referred to were made. There was an erroneous report crept into the papers in 1838 or '39, that Mr Charles Vaughan had imported some cows at that time. This was a mistake. He imported some South Down sheep. The cattle referred to above, were imported at quite an early period. They were not, as far as we could ever learn, full blood Bakewells, but probably pretty largely imbued with that blood, and we suppose to have been improvements upon what were then called "long horns," or Lancashire and Leicestershire cattle. They proved a valuable acquisition to the Kennebec farmers, raising the size and character of their cattle wonderfully.

John Powel, says, in his Hints to American Husbandmen, speaking of New England cattle, "the finest cattle in Massachusetts are mixed with families, of which Mr. Gore, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Vaughan imported the sires. Lancashire, Leicester and Hereford blood can be traced, by a practised eye, in many of the best working oxen exhibited at the New England agricultural shows." This was written in 1823.

In another paragraph he says he has traced every importation of which he had heard, (1823) and could distinguish the different families, and among them, "the Leicestershire, Lancashire, and Hereford cattle, taken to Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Maine, by Messrs. Wadsworth, Stewart, Edgar, and Vaughan."

We have not time, at the present moment, to look up further documents in regard to those importations. Will our friend Sanford Howard, Editor of the Boston Cultivator, give us some light on this matter, as we believe he formerly, while a resident in Hallowell, a neighbor to the Messrs. Vaughan, investigated it, and may remember many particulars which will now be interesting to stock breeders in this vicinity?

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CROPS.

To the Trustees of the Ken. Co. Ag. Society:

GENTLEMEN:—Your committee appointed to award the Society's premiums on crops, would respectfully report that they attended to that duty on the 28th ult.

There were but very few entries, indeed,—probably on account of the crop being generally diminished by the drouth which prevailed so extensively during the past season.

We regret that there were not more entries and statements. Facts developed by the operation of drouths are as valuable to the farmer as facts developed by other kinds of seasons; as one of the objects of giving premiums on crops is to elicit and put on record facts in the culture of different species of crops, in different locations, in different seasons, and with different modes of culture. Hence, statements of facts which the past dry season developed, with such accompanying remarks and observations as the farmer might find proper to make, would add materially to the stock of knowledge which it is not only the duty but the desire of the Society to accumulate for the benefit of its members and the community

Under this view of the case, we feel a little ashamed that entries were made by only four different individuals, and these only for the premiums on four kinds of crops, viz:—one entry for premium on rutabagas; two entries for premiums on carrots; one entry for premium on wheat; and two entries for premiums on Indian corn.

S. N. Watson, of Fayette, claimed the Society's first premium on wheat. His crop, according to the statement which is herewith submitted, was a very good one, not only as it regards quantity, but also quality. We have heard it stated by old people, that it is rare to have a pinched kernel of grain in a dry season. Do all the facts in regard to the grain crop, developed by the last dry season, corroborate this assertion?

Your committee award to Mr. S. N. Watson, of Fayette, the Society's first premium for the best crop of wheat. There were two entries for your premiums on Indian corn. One by John May, Esq., of Winthrop, and one by Geo. W. Hunton, of Readfield.

The statements of each competitor are herewith submitted, and evince a commendable degree of skill in the respective individuals, in the culture of this important crop, and a careful counting of the costs and profits. Mr. Hunton adopted a course not generally pursued among us, but which we have heard highly recommended by many, especially if the soil is inclined to moisture.

Indian corn, during the past season, ripened very well indeed,—the only trouble that we heard in regard to it, during the whole summer, was, that it did not come up well when first planted.

Your committee award to Geo. W. Hunton, of Readfield, the Society's first premium on Indian corn, and to John May, of Winthrop, the second premium for the same.

There were two entries for your premiums on carrots,—one by S. N. Watson, of Fayette, and one by Horace Parlin, of Winthrop. The statements of each competitor are herewith submitted. It will be seen that Mr. Watson failed in getting a superior crop of this valuable root, and that Mr. Parlin would have done better had it not been for the unparallelled dry season, and the ravages of the grasshoppers.

Your committee award to Horace Parlin, of East Winthrop, the Society's first premium on carrots. The other premiums they think advisable to withhold. E. HOLMES, per order.

SPRING WHEAT.

Statement of S. N. Watson.

The ground on which I raised my crop of wheat, which I enter for the Society's premium, had been pastured four years previous to 1850; that spring it was broken up, and planted to corn, after putting six cords of manure in the hill. In 1851, it was treated, and planted the same as in 1850. Last March I went to Belgrade, and bought three bushels of wheat of a Mr. Dunlap, said to be a white bearded variety, took it home and sifted out one half bushel foul seed, small kernels of wheat, &c., which left me two and a half bushels only; this I sowed the 20th of May, on two hundred and forty-three rods of ground. It was harvested, or cut, the 21st of August, and threshed the 11th of Oct. I had forty bushels of very full plump wheat on the piece, but instead of its being white bearded, it proved to be, at least, seven-eighths of it red; the remainder white, a mixture of bearded and bald. Yours, respectfully,

S. N. WATSON.

North Fayette, Dec. 10, 1852.

INDIAN CORN.

Statement of G. W. Hunton.

The following statement will show the success I have had, the past season, in raising a crop of corn.

The lot selected, contained six acres, which had been pastured the past five years with sheep. It is a deep loam, yet quite wet and heavy. There were twenty cords of manure, (one half compost) spread upon the sward on this lot.

On the last of May I commenced ploughing, on the left of the lot, by turning furrows together, leaving them some six or eight inches apart. In this trough, or space, the seed was placed, and then covered by the loam from the furrow on each side. In this way the lot was ploughed and planted.

The following is the amount of labor and cost, up to the time of harvesting.

Four oxen five days, hauling manure and ploughing,	$10
One plough, three days,	2
Twenty-five days workmen, labor hauling and planting,	25
Seed,	3
Forty eight days men's labor, weeding,	48
Ten bushels of ashes,	2
Total expense,	$90

The amount of crop harvested, was *five hundred* and *thirty-five* baskets of sound corn, and thirty-seven of soft or corn that wouldn't answer to crib; five cords of pumpkins, and five bushels and one-half of beans.

From one acre of the lot, one hundred and thirty-three baskets of sound corn were harvested, and six of soft, or corn that would not answer to crib.

By thrashing, each basket was found to contain seventeen quarts of shelled corn.

Allowing the soft corn to be worth fifty per cent, we find the whole crop to amount to two hundred and ninety-three bushels of shelled corn. By deducting from the cost of cultivating, five cords of pumpkins, ten dollars; five bushels and one-half of beans, eight dollars; the cost of the corn will be seventy-two dollars, or a fraction less than twenty-five cents per bushel, exclusive of the lot and manure.

No account has been taken of the cost of of harvesting, as it it is believed the fodder would amply pay the expense.

Readfield, Dec. 1852. G. W. HUNTON.

Statement of J. May.

The land on which my corn grew, has been cropped so long, of corn, grass, wheat, potatoes &c., that, for aught I know, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; to say the least, I presume for three score years; it is of a deep gravelly loam, unusually elevated, lying just north of the ridge of land, known by the Winthropites, and peradventure by your honors, as Mount Pisgah. The sod was broken in the fall of 1850, and planted to corn in the subsequent spring, with nearly the same treatment in cultivation, as the present crop which I enter for a premium, and herein often describe. In the autumn of 1851, I ploughed with a sced plow, a part of the ground, to the depth of about eight inches, being driven off by early winter, I finished the residue in the coming spring, in like manner. I then hauled on, as near as near as I could judge, eight cords manure from the barn heaps, spread it, and cultivated it in, with a light cultivator, then harrowed with horse team the ground over twice; on the fifteenth and seventeenth days of May last, I planted the seed corn, being a mixture of Dutton and eight rowed, approximating nearly to the Canada variety, with beans and pumpkin seeds. I worked the rows out for planting, by attaching three chains to a pole, about three and a half feet asunder, and dragging them with the help of another person over the ground, so that my hills, were three feet and a-half one way, and about three feet the other. I cultivated it between rows and wed it about the middle of June, put on about six bushels of ashes and lime, one part of the lime to three parts ashes, placing it near the plants; the first of July I cultivated and hoed it again; though on a high elevation of land, receiving the rays of the sun all day, it was little affected by the drought, which was very severe the past season; in the cloudy and lowery weather, in haying season, I expended to the amount of two days labor, in going through it a third time, and chopping down the weeds, as old ground is generally inclined more to weeds than newly broke up ground; I cut it up, and shocked in the field about the first of October, or latter part of September, and after about ten days hauled it in, husked and cribbed it, and from just one acre of ground chained out by myself, and Mr. George Foster, there were one hundred and forty bushels of good, sound, merchantable corn, besides several loads of pumpkins, two bushels of the ears of corn shelled, weighing fifty-eight pounds. The crop of corn on the same ground the year previous, was nipped by old Jack; had he made his appearance ten days later, the crop would have been full equal to the present. On this piece of land, I never before knew corn injured with the frost; when other pieces within half a mile, have been nearly destroyed, this has been exempt from it for a fortnight. I estimate the value and expense of my crop as follows, viz:

One hundred and forty bushels ears of corn at present time, at fifty cents per bushel, $70; fodder, $9;	$79,00
Eight cords manure, $16; plowing and harrowing, $5; planting and hoeing, $12; ashes, &c., $1; harvesting, $4; interest on the land, $2;	$41,00

In the foregoing I have estimated labor at one dollar a day, the land at thirty-three dollars per acre, and corn at what it will bring at the present time, omitting pumpkins, &c. Now permit me to ask if such an operation is not better for the country, and the operator than subterranean rail road stock, bank dividends, shaving notes, or swapping horses? Verily, I must answer in the affirmative, though speculation blandly promises riches without labor, and invites me to its field. I herewith transmit Mr. Foster's statement concerning the crop.

Respectfully yours, JOHN MAY.

Winthrop, Dec. 11, 1952.

CARROTS.

Statement of Horace Parlin.

I herewith present for your consideration a statement of a crop of carrots, raised by me the past season, on one-fourth of an acre of land.

The soil is rather light and sandy—was planted with corn last year, and ploughed and subsoiled after crop was taken off in the fall. In the spring, manured with about three cords of compost—ploughed twice—subsoiled once—harrowed once very lightly, and sowed May 28, with a drill machine, in rows eighteen inches apart. They were kept free from weeds during the season, and thinned, at the second hoeing, to about four inches apart. They were harvested about the first of November, and measured 183 bushels, or 732 bushels to the acre.

A part of this crop was manured with a top dressing, at the rate of 400 lbs. to the acre, of improved saper-phosphate of lime, prepared from the recipe of Prof. Mapes. Some of the best rows on this part, yielded at the rate of 240 bushels on one-fourth, or 960 bushels on an acre. The season has been very dry, and my crop was considerably injured by grasshoppers, or it would have been some larger.

Respectfully yours, HORACE PARLIN.

East Winthrop, Nov. 27, 1852.

Statement of S. N. Watson.

For a description of the soil on which I raised my crop of carrots, and the preparation thereof, I refer you to my statement on ruta bagas. The two pieces were adjoining, and the preparation of each the same. The seed was planted on the 8th of Jupe, and harvested on the 26th of October. On one-fourth of an acre I had 92 bushels. This is my first attempt at raising carrots, and I suppose the crop is a small one, but it was more than I expected, on account of the drouth. I hope my brother farmers have been more successful. Yours respectfully,

S. N. WATSON.

North Fayette, Dec. 10, 1852.

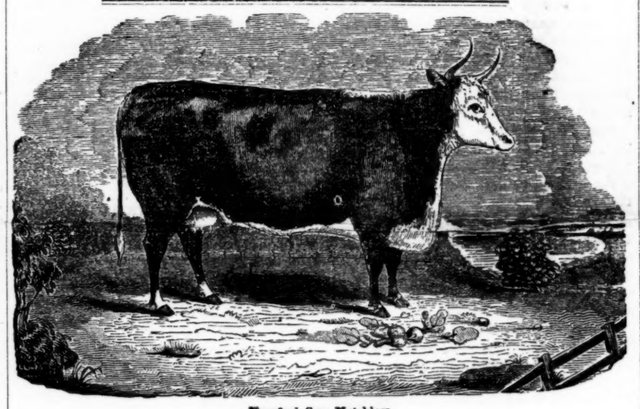
RUTA BAGAS.

S. N. Watson's Statement.

The soil in which I raised my crop of Ruta Bagas, which I enter for the Society's premium, is a yellow, rocky loam. It was broken up in the fall of '49, sowed to oats in '50, without manuring; planted part to Ruta Bagas and part to potatoes in '51, and dressed with seven cords of manure from my stable. Last spring, I spread on about the same amount of manure, and 1½ bushels of plaster, and on the 8th of June planted my seed, on one half acre. From this I harvested 350 bushels, on the 27th and 28th of October. This crop is smaller than I usually raise, owing, in my opinion, to the dry weather. It was so dry that I did not plant so early, by ten days, as I had intended. As soon as the plants were up, the black powder bug took them, and destroyed so many that I was obliged to plant over, which made it very late.

Respectfully yours, S. N. WATSON.

North Fayette, Dec. 10, 1852,



Hereford Cow Matchless.

For the Maine Farmer.

FULL BLOOD HEREFORDS IN MAINE.

MR. EDITOR:—In one of your papers, printed some time last winter, you gave us an engraving of an imported Hereford cow, called "Matchless," belonging to a gentleman in New York State, somewhere in the vicinity of Albany, and further, you stated, if I remember correctly, that there probably were no full blooded Hereford cattle in Maine. I intended to set you right on that point at the time, but neglected it, fo. which you will excuse me, and I will do it nows In the year 1846, Capt. Phineas Pendleton, Jr., of Searsport, formerly a part of Prospet, on a return voyage from Antwerp, called at Newport, Eng., for a cargo of iron. Being struck with the size and beauty of their cattle, he hired a gentleman that was a judge of neat stock, to go with him into the country, and make a selection for him from among their thorough bred stock. Capt. P., intending to make but a small importation, wished to take a breed that would combine the largest number of valuable qualities, taking into consideration dairy work, beef, and keeping in our climate, hence his adviser purchased for him two Hereford calves, about three months old, as possessing more valuable qualities than any other breed, for which he paid $100, besides paying the gentleman for making the selection for him. The calves were a bull and heifer—color, blood red, with white bellies and throats—bull's face white—heifer's face part white and part red—hair thick and soft, bull's a little curly about the head and shoulders. They were brought to Boston, and from thence to Searsport, about the first of August, and there put into a poor pasture of low land, and kept the rest of the season. They had common wintering, and the next season the bull was used for cows. The year he was two years he was kept by John Heagan, Esq., of Prospect, and left a large number of calves. The succeeding year he remained at the same place, hence we have a large number of the half bloods in our section, they very generally have the marks and color of the sire, proving him to be a thorough bred animal. The heifer came in at two years old—first calf a bull, and was sold, at six weeks old, to Capt. Hatch, of Castine, for $40. Her second calf, a heifer, dropped some time in August—three years old last August. She came in this fall in October; she belongs to me, and I have her on my farm. I consider her a fair milker—has a handsome bag and teats, milks easy, and is perfectly gentle, and handles kindly, very hardy and active. The third calf of the imported cow, by the imported bull, was a bull, two years old the 25th day of last June. He belongs to me also, and is a beautiful animal—medium size, very docile and quiet among the cattle, and a complete representation of his sire, showing that the imported stock was not mongrel, but thorough bred. The cow has two other calves, bulls, one full blood, and the other three-fourths blood. Hence you will perceive that we have a large sprinkling of Hereford cattle here. You can't look into any man's barnyard, in our vicinity, without seeing the white faces. Touching their qualities as milkers, I think them as good as the average, at least. I have had three of the heifers from the imported bull, from good mothers, and they have been above the average—one, two years old last May, came in about the middle of June, and I think her as good as any heifer I ever had or saw. At our fair and cattle show they have attracted a good share of notice and praise. You have doubtless seen, by the Belfast papers, that John Heagan, Esq., when he drives his farm stock, always takes the first premium, and they are all more or less of the Hereford breed.—Now, touching the general appearance of the cattle, I can do no better than to give you Mr. Marshall's description, taken from the Farmer's Encyclopedia, page 286, which I think pretty correct:—The countenance pleasant, cheerful and open, the forehead broad, eye full and lively, horns bright, taper, and spreading, head small, chap lean, neck long and tapering, chest deep, bosom broad and projecting forward, shoulder bone thin, flat, no way protuberant in bone, but full and mellow in flesh, hips wide, and level with the spine, quarters long and wide at the neck, rump even with the general level of the back, not dropping nor standing high and sharp above the quarters, tail slender and neatly haired, barrel round and roomy, the carcase throughout deep and well spread, ribs broad, standing close and flat on the outer surface, forming a smooth and even barrel, the hindmost large and of full length, round bone snug, not prominent, thigh clean and regularly tapering, legs upright and short, bone below the knee and hough small and flat, feet of middle size, curl and twist round and full, flank large, flesh everywhere mellow, soft, yielding pleasantly to the touch, especially on the chine, the shoulder and the ribs, hide mellow, supple, of a middle thickness, and loose coat neatly haired, bright and silky, color of dark red, with bald face, characteristic of the true Herefordshire breed. I will trouble but a little further, but will here say, that for working oxen I consider them unsurpassed by any other breed. I should prefer them to all others.

Yours, &c., SAMUEL S. HEAGAN.

North Prospect, Dec. 24, 1852.

NOTE. We are glad to find that there are yet some full blood Herefords in Maine. It is evident to every observing man, that different breeds of cattle are well adapted to different locations, and for different purposes. The Herefords have been proved to make first rate oxen—are tough, hardy and hearty, do not come up to their full growth so soon as the Durhams, but nevertheless will fill a seven foot girt line, in a reasonable time, by not very fat feeding. They are also fair for milk. The uniformity of their color and shape, render, it easy to match them for the yoke. ED.

A NEW PLANT. At a late meeting of the British Horticultural Society, a plant called the Violet Grass was shown, which, if sown in an American border, or similar place, grows and blossoms from October to Christmas. A little patch of it, taken up, and put in a saucer, in water, will keep flowering a long time, rendering it an interesting plant for the drawing room window.

DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.—NO. 20.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

No established operations in human society make so small returns for outlays, in time, money, and effort, as school systems. The reason is plain. They place the water-wheel over the stream, requiring the water to be beat upon the wheel before it moves—with the slight inconvenience to the teacher, that when he stops beating, the wheel stops moving. The simple fact is, that school systems do violence to the unchangeable and glorious laws of our Creator, rendering penalties in some form inevitable. Abortion, or fruitless effort, is a common penalty of disobedience to the Divine law, in the training of young muscle, mind, and soul. Rowdyism is another, and at this time, in this country, a severe and a theatening penalty. It is a fixed and almost universal law of our Creator, that strength is the result of exercise, not only in muscle, mind, and soul, but even in the vegetable creation. An oak, buffeted by the storms of a hundred winters, is a stronger, more durable oak than one sheltered from winds, rains, and snows.

It is a self-evident truth, that for training up children in the way they should go, all the faculties with which their Creator has endowed them so bountifully and wisely must be brought into exercise, and exercised in connection with each other, directing the whole of this combined exercise to the high and holy purposes of their creation. The harmonious exercise of all the human faculties, applied to the divine purposes of human existence, is so plainly implied in training up children in the way they should go, as not to permit a doubt in the mind of any rational being.

It is equally evident, that school systems prevent this general and harmonious exercise of muscle, mind, and soul, and that their very partial, meager exercise is not directed, at best very poorly directed, to the exalted purposes of human existence. A little five-year-old girl on being asked what she did at school, replied promptly, correctly, and graphically, "I say A and B, and sit on a bench." Those doubting the positions above taken, may explain in their own way how a "sitting-on-a-bench" system can train vigorously, harmoniously, the greatly varied human faculties; and especially, apply those faculties to the purposes of their creation.

Knowing, producing, reciprocating, are the three great purposes of human existence. To know, to produce, and to reciprocate, are desires deeply implanted in the human soul. The gratification of these desires is human happiness. It is hence a simple truth, that institutions expressly designed for the formation of character, and a preparation for future vocations, should aim especially to provide for the harmonious exercise of all the faculties, directing all to the purposes of our existence—knowing, producing, reciprocating.

As words are the signs of ideas, not ideas themselves, and books the instruments, not the fountains of knowledge, mere *book lessons* do not and cannot gratify that desire of knowing, so ardent in every young mind. As words, the signs of ideas, are acquired only by their connection with the ideas they represent, attempts at learning words by mere repetition must also prove abortive; they do prove abortive. They are worse than abortive; they do lasting and irreparable injury to the inherent character of mind—blunt its desire of knowing.

Producing, still more than knowing, if possible, is prevented by school systems. What can be produced by muscle, however powerful and eager for action, while the principal virtue of that muscle is to "*keep still!*"—barely permitting the active young being possessing it to *look at a book*—not for knowledge, but the signs of knowledge, and those signs not learnt, from the absence of the ideas connected with them.

Thanks be to public sentiment, to common sense, and to humanity, that such inroads are already made upon this anti-knowing, anti-producing system, as to insure an entire and radical change, by making it both knowing and producing. Black boards have extensively taken the place of books, changing the "sitting-on-a-bench" system into muscular producing exercises, alike to the relief, the entertainment, and the instruction of the pupil. Drawing, another producing exercise, in many schools is not only permitted but provided for every pupil the first day he enters school. Connected with drawing multiplied objects of nature and art, collections of natural histoy come in very opportunely. In some place, every school and every family is provided by the hands of their members with specimens of nature and art. To an extent which few are aware of, pupils can prepare their own instruments of instruction, gratifying in the highest degree the desire both of knowing and producing—knowing by producing.

The desire of reciprocating, early and strongly manifesting itself as deeply planted in the human soul, is both prevented and crushed by school systems. An anti-producing system must almost, of course, be non-reciprocating, as it furnishes nothing to reciprocate in. This principle of exclusiveness, hitherto a prominent feature in schools, with that of anti-producing, is rapidly yielding to the more politic and more noble principle of reciprocation. Indeed, enlightened, generous reciprocation, exhibited in a "WORLD'S FAIR" "FAIRS" all over the world, and in great multitudes of nameless forms, is perhaps the strongest, certainly the most dignified and elevated, feature of the present age. No fairs which have been or can be instituted are so richly fraught with pleasure, knowledge, production, or reciprocation, as "SCHOLARS' FAIRS." They are now in extensive operation, and at no distant day must form a prominent part, and probably the soul, of school systems. These, when connected through the entire country, all concentrating at our national metropolis, will enable each of the hundred thousand American schools, also of the six millions of families, to help and be helped by all the rest.

CHILBLAINS. The following is a good remedy for chilblains:—Soak the feet in warm water, made quite salt, and then rub the parts affected with palm oil, and hold the feet to the fire, drying the oil in. One application will usually cure, and two trials are said to produce a certain cure.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HONOR TO THE PLOW.

Though clouds o'ercast our native sky,
And seem to dim the sun,
We will not down in languor lie,
Or deem the day is done;
The rural arts we loved before,
No less we'll cherish now;
And crown the banquet as of yore,
With Honor to the Plow.

In these fair fields, whose peaceful spell
To faith and hope are given,
We'll seek the prize with honest toil,
And leave the rest to Heaven.
We'll gird us to the work like men
Who own a holy vow,
And if in joy we meet again,
Give Honor to the Plow.

Let Art, arrayed in magic power,
With labor, hand in hand,
Go forth, and now, in peril's hour,
Sustain a sinking land.
Let never sloth unnerve the arm,
Or fear the spirit cow,
These words alone should work a charm,—
All Honor to the Plow.

The heath redress, the meadow drain,
The latent swamp explore,
And o'er the long expecting plain
Diffuse the quickening store!
Then fearless urge the furrow deep,
Up to the mountain's brow,
And, when the rich results you reap,
Give Honor to the Plow.

So still shall health by pastures green
And nodding harvest roam,
And still behind her rustic screen
Shall virtue find a home;
And while their bower the Muses build
Beneath the neighboring bough,
Shall many a grateful verse be filled,
With Honor to the Plow.

CAST IRON BUILDINGS.

Cast-iron, for building purposes, is coming each day more into use, as its capabilities are more manifested by experience and its superiority over every other material, for strength and durability, is most evident by trial. Since public attention has been turned to its excellent qualities, iron buildings are erected in all the principal cities. A writer in the *Boston Transcript* points out many of the advantages presented by iron for building purposes, to say nothing of the security against conflagration, which such buildings would afford. Frames of buildings can be cast according to any style of architecture or taste. Frames of iron will be of much less dimensions than can be made of wood, for buildings of smaller sizes. They can be cast so as to be firmly united and joined throughout the whole; so as to be highly ornamented by the pattern. The connecting and strengthening portions and parts may be curvelinear, or straight, making angles of squares or other forms, or be variously ramified in these structures. Within the frame-work, pannels of cast iron may be set, there being an outward and inward groove for the reception of an outward and inward pannel or finish. The pannels can be cast after patterns of the greatest beauty and taste. Between these pannels but little space will be necessary, therefore, upon a given lot, more indoor room will be obtained therewith than by any other building materials. The sleepers and floorings being of iron, more height of story will be afforded, with the same height of building, than with the materials now in use.—Roofs should be double, so as to afford a current of air to pass between them in the sultry season of the year. Thorough ventilation, may be maintained throughout the edifice, and more equal temperature. Such buildings also would be a thorough protection against the destructive effects of lightning, as the electric fluid would be safely distributed. One can order his house from the foundry, of a particular size and pattern, finished for erection, to the turning of the key, doors, windows, sashes, stairs, and all the fixtures, even to flues of good draught, provided or furnished therewith. These frames and plates need be only of the necessary thickness and dimensions. Where much strength is required, the support may be increased by hollow castings, enlarged in dimensions, but not much if any in weight. The foundation for such structures will, therefore, be less costly and extensive than those required where other materials are used.

[Germantown Telegraph.

INFALLIBLE RECIPE FOR COLDS. In this season of coughs and colds, the following recipe from the Northern Farmer will be of some benefit to the afflicted. The Farmer says:

It was prescribed for us when we were suffering from a cough and it seemed as if we were on the brink of consumption; no cessation or rest, day or night. We took it, and were cured in three days. The woman who gave the receipt has reared a large family in Oneida county; has seen hundreds suffering from the colds and consumption; and she assures us that, in *thirty year's* experience with the prescriptions of the ablest physicians, and the experience of her friends before her, she has never heard of or used any other remedy better than this for colds of every condition, even when on the borders of that scourge of man:

RECIPE. One table spoonful of molasses; two teaspoonfuls castor oil; one do. paregoric; one do. spirits camphor. Mix and take often.

STEAM PLOW. The London Illustrated News states that James Usher, of Edingburgh, has succeeded in overcoming the obstacles to the application of steam to plowing, and completed a machine which has been successfully tested in the presence of many practical farmers, who expressed their surprise at the superior manner in which the work was effected. The machine cost $300, and is adapted to ploughing, rolling, threshing, and harrowing, and travels 2,550 yards per hour, turning over 16 inches in breadth which is equal to seven acres in ten hours, at a daily expense of 17 or 18s, which is about 2s. 6d per acre, while it costs 9s to 10s to plough an acre with horses.

All roots should be excluded from the light during the winter, and kept in as low a temperature as can be made convenient without danger of freezing.

THE APTERYX—A NEW ZEALAND BIRD.

For our first knowledge of this bird we are indebted to the late Dr. Shaw, to whom a specimen was presented in 1812, having been brought from New Zealand by Captain Barclay. After Dr. Shaw's death, this unique specimen passed into the possession the of late Earl of Derby, and his lordship's being a private collection and no other specimen coming over, the existence of the species was generally doubted by naturalists for more than twenty years, and so remained till Mr. Yarrel fully established its existence in a paper published in the Transactions of the Zoological Society. The apteryx belongs to the family of Struthionidæ,—that which includes the ostrich, emu, and cassowary tribes. But its great pecularity is that its wings are entirely rudimentary, the fiction of a wing having a strongly hooked claw at its extremity. It is nocturnal in its habits, and feeds on worms; and in relation to this we find a special peculiarity, for it has a long curlew-like bill, with the nostrils at the extreme tip, instead of the base, as usual with birds. This enables it to discover worms deep in the earth without the aid of sight; the bill is plunged in, a fine fat worm smelt, and greatly to his astonishment, is dragged out and bolted before he is well awake. The favorite haunts of the apteryx are localities in New Zealand covered with dense beds of fern, among which it conceals itself, and when hard pressed by dogs, with which it is usually hunted, it takes refuge in crevices of rocks, hollow trees, and deep holes, in which latter it makes its nest of dried fern and deposits its eggs. It is much prized among the natives, for its soft hair-like plumage is well adapted for the dresses of the chiefs; and it is also used for the construction of artificial flies, with the use of which the New Zealanders are well acquainted. The apteryx at the gardens passes the day in a sort of hutch filled with hay, in which it loves to bury itself, coming out at night and digging in the preserve of worms kept in a heap of mould for its especial sport and delectment.

GRAIN SEPARATOR.

Geo. B Salmon, of Elmira, Chemung Co., N. Y., has taken measures to secure a patent for improvements in grain separators. The nature of the invention consists in cleansing and separating grain by means of a blast spout screen and trough. The object of the inventor in the first part of his invention, is to overcome the inconvenience that is experienced by millers, from the fact that many substances, as cockle, &c., although smaller in size, have the same specific gravity as wheat, hence it is obvious that any amount of blast from the fan, capable of acting wheat. The inventor ingeniously takes advantage of the above named substances being smaller in size than the wheat, to get rid of them at once, by allowing them to pass through the finer sieve. In order to understand the latter arrangement, it should be explained that the screen consists of two seives of different degrees of fineness, so arranged that the grain passes through the coarser one into the blast spout and trough. The necessary shake and inclination of the screen are effected by the use of an adjustable spring, operated upon by an eccentric or cam, which give the necessary shake motion. [Scientific American.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LAMP. Among the list of patents is one taken out by Mr. E. Whele, for a candle lamp of very novel character. The lamp has a dial or clock face, and, as the candle burns, the hands mark the hours and minutes correctly, and a hammer strikes the time. As a chamber light for a sick room, it marks the time, and can be set to strike at any given periods, when the patient requires attention. As a night-light it marks the time on a transparent dial, and rings an alarum at any stated period, and in ten minutes afterward extinguishes the candle, or will continue to strike every second until the party gets out of bed and stops it; and, if a very heavy sleeper requires to be roused, it will fire off a percussion cap. As a table lamp it marks the time and strikes the hours, and has a regulator and index, by which may be ascertained the amount of light and economy of consumption of the various candles of different makes. And all this is effected with very little machinery, which is of the most simple kind. [Foreign paper.

BREAD. Both in Egypt and Greece, the method of grinding corn in handmills was known at a remote epoch; but the Romans, for a very long period, had no other method of making flour than by breaking roasted corn in a morter. It was not until after the Macedonian war that public bakers were established in Rome. The art of baking bread was afterwards spread by the conquest of the Romans, throughout the south of Europe. The use of yeast in the raising of bread seems to have been first practised by the Germans and the Gauls. The Romans as well as the Greeks leavened their bread by mixing the fresh paste or dough with some that had became stale. The Roman method seems to have superseded yeast in France and Spain. For raising bread by yeast was not practised in modern times, in France, until nearly the close of the seventeenth century. Although the bread made by yeast was so decidedly superior to that made by other methods, upon its first introduction into France, the medical faculty declared it most injurious to health; and the use of yeast was prohibited under the severest penalties!

CHAPPED HANDS. A few days since we inquired for a remedy for chapped hands, a great affliction to juveniles and some lean people. A friend hands the following recipe, which he calls a sure thing. He has tried it:

"Take three drachms of gum camphor, 3 do. white beeswax, 3 do. spermaceti, and 2 oz. olive oil; put them together in a cup upon the stove, where they will melt slowly and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them."

DRAINING OF WET LANDS, MARSHES, &c. This process improves the health of neighborhoods, and adds to the value of the localities in which it is practised, causing them to produce earlier and better crop.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1853.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT NEW YORK.

We have received circulars, and other documents, issued by the Officers of the Association which has in charge the building of the Crystal Palace and arranging the Great Exhibition which s to come off in May next.

We shall publish the circular next week. In the mean time we would again solicit the attention of our readers to the subject.

It is desirable that the productive industry of Maine should be well represented there, in numerous specimens of their skill. The several Mechanics' Associations, and the several Agricultural Societies, should be up and doing. They should, as soon as may be, appoint Committees to take this matter into consideration, and devise ways and means to aid and assist every one who desires to send any thing for exhibition, and to secure a sufficient space in the building, whereon and wherein to locate the articles which may be sent.

Every body in the United States should feel an interest in this exhibition, and contribute their mite to consummate the undertaking, and make it a grand and glorious affair.

It must be recollected that this is the first "World's Fair" that was ever started in the United States—that the mechanics, manufacturers, and farmers of the Old World, are stirring in the matter, and have already sent over a large amount of their productions, and are daily making application for space for what they intend to send. It would be mortifying indeed if the Yankees should be beaten in their own camp, as they certainly will be if due exertions are not made to rouse up the people and induce them to exert themselves in the cause.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

The industrious farmers and mechanics of the country know but little about rags, and poverty and vice, but those who live in cities can see specimens of such things every day, that make the heart ache to think of.

Some years since, a philanthropic Londoner—a hard working mechanic, we believe he was—conceived the idea of gathering together some of the ragged and destitute children in his vicinity into a school, where he taught every day the rudiments of learning, and succeeded well in giving them new and better impulses than they had hitherto had. The experiment succeeded so well, that others associated together, for the purpose of giving the system a wider and stronger operation, and, under the name of "Ragged Schools," are doing much good.

In New York an effort is being made to reform that most corrupt, abject and Godforsaken spot, called the "Five Points." A ragged school has been established there, under the direction of the Rev. Lewis M. Pease, which is in successful operation, and to aid the undertaking, a paper, called the "Ragged School Reporter," has been started. We have received the first number and are much pleased with its appearance and contents.

It is published at 50 cts. a year, under the superintendence of the "Society of the Iron Man," who are persons associated for the purpose of reforming the vices and miserable condition of the city of New York, and who propose to aid them in their undertaking. The Society have a hard work to do, and they have chosen a hard name, typical of their inflexible resolution, and iron determination to carry out their intentions. Success to them.

POMOLOGICAL.

Fine specimens of a native russet, from the orchard of Mr. Ichabod Boothby of Livermore, received. These apples are the fruit of a tree which Mr. Boothby found in the forest, and took up and set out on his farm. They are about medium size, form round, slightly conical. The ground color russet, splashed with streaks of red around the base; stem short, in a deep, narrow cavity; calyx small and close, in a narrow, shoal cavity; flesh fine grained, white, of a pleasant, sub-acid flavor, rather dry. It is stated to be a great bearer, and a very long keeper. We think it will be a valuable acquisition to our long-keeping varieties, and propose for it the name of "Boothby Russet."

Briggs' Auburn. We acknowledge the receipt of this capital variety of apple, from John C. Briggs, Esq., of Auburn. We have considered this variety a fall apple, but it is now (January 3d,) very excellent in flavor, although a little past their prime.

Gilliflower. From John May, Esq., of Winthrop, very good specimens of the Gilliflower. This apple is sometimes called Cornish Gilliflower, Black Gilliflower, and Ladyfinger.

Wouldn't Change. At the meeting of the citizens, on the 1st inst., to vote upon the question of giving up the city charter and going back to a town organization, the vote stood as follows:—Yeas, 195; nays, 436;—being a majority of 241 against changing the form of government. It would seem that this vote is quite decisive, and we presume it is a fair index of the sentiments of the citizens, in regard to the question of giving up their charter, without a further trial. We see the citizens of Belfast, also, voted against giving up their city charter.

Fire in Leeds. We learn that the house of Mr. James Perez, in Leeds, was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 24th ult. The fire was discovered about midnight, and the neighbors assembled, but it had made such progress that it was impossible to put it out. As there was no wind, they were enabled to save a large part of the furniture, and the tools which were in the shop joining the house. The house, shop, and a small barn were burnt. Mr. Perez, an industrious mechanic, is thus left destitute of a home. His house was insured for four hundred dollars, and his furniture fifty dollars.

The Hutchinsons. A branch of this family, consisting of John, Judson and Asa, gave a concert in this city on Wednesday of last week. The popularity of this family is enough to warrant them full houses, wherever they go, and their singing is of the highest order. They return to Boston, from here, giving concerts in the principal places through which they pass, on their way. We notice that they will sing in Saco on Friday next, and in Biddeford on Saturday.

Death of Gen. Bachelder. Gen. George W. Bachelder, of Gardiner, died in that city last week. Gen. Bachelder had command of a portion of the troops that were stationed at Masardis, during the Aroostook troubles. After the incorporation of Gardiner as a city, he was appointed Judge of the Police Court, which office he held until his declining health induced him to resign.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Knickerbocker Magazine. Old Knick enters upon the new year in good shape. The January number is a good one, and fully equal to any of its predecessors. Among the good things we notice the continuation of the Fudge Papers, by Ik Marvel. The other papers, and the Editor's Table, are all good.

Living Age. This work has just commenced a new volume. Littell's Living Age has long been known as one of the best publications of the day. Its selections from native and foreign literature are made with much judgment, and are often of great value. It is a weekly publication of 48 pages, and is sent, free of postage, to subscribers, for $6,00 per annum.

Gleason's Pictorial. The last number of this publication appears in a new suit throughout. The illustrations are good, and the reading matter is from the pens of some of our best and most popular authors. Among the contributors to this number we notice the names of T. S. Arthur, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Alice B. Neal, Alice Carey, and others. The terms of the Pictorial have been reduced to $3 per annum, or 6 cents a single number.

Harper for January. This excellent work, for January, contains its full complement of instructive and amusing matter. The Memoirs of the Holy Land, by Jacob Abbot, and the continuation of the history of Napoleon Bonaparte, by John S. C. Abbot, are the leading articles, and are very interesting. "Three weeks in Cuba," an artist's tour through the Island, illustrated with very fine cuts, gives much new and valuable information in regard to Cuba, and as that Island is at present a subject of much talk, inquiry and speculation, many will be induced to read it, and perchance become imbued with a little fillibustering mania.

The Journal of Agriculture. This capital Agricultural monthly is edited by William S. King, who has associated with him Prof. Mapes and Levi Bartlett, all of them practical men and good writers. It is published in Boston, on the first of every month, at fifty cents per annum, and is "intended to be a text book and a guide to the farmer, the stock breeder, the horticulturist, and market gardener." Among the contributors are Marshall P. Wilder, well known to the agricultural and horticultural community, for his labors, enterprise, and zeal in the promotion of the culture of the soil and the encouragement of the productive classes, George Jaques, the Worcester fruit culturist, and many others.

Longevity. Our article about the aged Indian woman, in the paper of week before last, has called forth some comments, and among them we notice the Gardiner Fountain says: "There is a lady residing in this city, who has seen her granddaughter's grandchildren; and she has not forgotten her age either, which, we believe, is 97." A correspondent, writing from East Eddington, says: "There is now living at East Eddington, widow Tamar Putnam, relict of Joseph Putnam, who served in the Revolution. She is now 87 years old, and has lived to see her great granddaughter's child, being of the fifth generation, and all residing under the same roof. The youngest is two years old. She is still active and able to make beds, knit, read, &c. A singular peculiarity of this case is, that all the progeny are only daughters."

A Large Cabbage. A subscriber, writing from Lee, Penobscot County, says: "We cannot tell so large stories on calves, or potatoes, in this town, as we see in the Farmer from some of the Kennebec towns, but we can go it pretty well on cabbages. Mr. P. F. Hewey, of this town, raised a cabbage this year, that weighed, after being divested of all loose leafs, and of the stump, except enough to handle it by, twenty-four and three-quarters pounds." We should call that a large cabbage, and until we hear of a larger one, we award the palm to Lee, for large cabbages.

Money for the Old Country. The amount of money sent out of this country, by the Irish emigrants, is really astonishing. Many of them support their families at home, and many send out to friends and relatives, the means of coming over to this country. The following, which shows the amount sent from only two cities in the Union, will give some idea of the extent to which this practice prevails:

The St. Louis Intelligencer, referring to the statement which went the rounds not long since, that the hired girls of Pittsburgh had sent home $35,000 to their relations in the old country within six months previous, states that within twelve months the emigrants from Ireland in St. Louis have purchased and transmitted home $110,000. Quite a little sum.

Fire Kindlers. At this season of the year, when kindling wood is not always to be had, the following recipe for making fire kindlers, which we find going the rounds, without credit, may be of service to our readers. They will answer all purposes, and save much trouble.

"Take a quart of tar, and three pounds of rosin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much saw-dust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cold, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut; and you have, at a small expense, kindling enough for a household one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze, long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn." If thrown on the top of a grate full of coal they will kindle a fire in a very short time and without any trouble.

Pork and Potatoes. We have received a fine piece of pork taken from a porker slaughtered by Mr. James Page of this city. Mr. Page has promised to give our readers an account of his mode of fattening his pork, which has been very successful. Accompanying the above were some good specimens of the peach blow potatoes, raised by Mr. Page, on his farm. They were fully equal to the days before the potato rot, and will make good *fixins* to go with the pork.

Another. All the big pigs, it would seem, are not chronicled yet. Mr. Sylvester, of Leeds, killed one recently, that weighed, when dressed 562 lbs. She had a litter of ten pigs in May last, most of which are now flourishing. "Doughnuts *ought* to be plenty in Leeds, this winter," says 'Bimeleech, on reading this, and we agree with him.

More Prime Pork Up East. There's pork in Brownville yet. Mr. Waterhouse, of that town, recently slaughtered a shoat, nine months old, that weighed three hundred and ninety-five pounds. Mr. Perham, of the same place, slaughtered one, seven months and seven days old, that weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On the Fence. Ravenna, the handsome county seat of Portage county, Ohio, is situated on the dividing ridge between the Cuyahoga and Mahoning rivers. It possesses one feature which belongs to no other town or city in the Union. The rain which falls upon the north side of its court house roof finds its way to Lake Erie, and that which falls on the south side runs to the Gulf of Mexico.

LAW DECISIONS.

REPORTED FOR THE FARMER.

Hathaway *vs.* Stone *& al.* A discharge-certificate, issued by two justices of the peace and quorum, that a debtor, (who had been arrested on execution and given a debtor's relief-bond,) had taken the poor debtor's oath, is not sufficient proof that the debtor had performed the condition of the bond, unless such certificate specify the date of the execution and the amount of the judgment on which it was issued.

Neither is the record of the proceedings of such justices sufficient proof of the performance of the condition of such a bond, unless it specify the date of the execution and the amount of the judgment on which it was issued.

Where, by reason of poverty, the debtor was unable to make any payment upon the execution, and he in fact took the poor debtor's oath prior to any breach of the bond, no judgment upon the bond can be recovered by the obligee.

Neither, in a suit on such a bond, can the defendants recover costs, unless the condition of the bond has been performed.

Roberts *vs.* O'Conner. In a suit to recover a penalty for selling intoxicating liquors, incurred under the fifth section of the Act of 1846, chap. 205, the fact that the defendant made the sale as the servant of another person, constitutes no defence.

In such an action, originated before a justice of the peace, no appeal lies from the District Court to this Court.

Dolloff *vs.* Stimpson. A motion to set aside a verdict, on proof that a juror was related to one of the parties, cannot prevail, if, at the opening of the case to the jury, the party making the motion was present and knew of the disqualification, and did not object to the Juror.

The motion will not be aided by proof that the party making it was, at the time of the trial, ignorant of the law creating the disqualification.

Cutler *vs.* Everett. To support an action upon a written agreement to pay the debt of another, a consideration for the contract must be proved.

From an agreement on a separate paper, to be responsible for the payment of a note, though of the same date, described as having been given by a third person, no inference of a consideration is to be drawn.

Lyford *vs.* Ross *& al.* One who holds a mortgage of land made to a third person, together with the notes secured by it, can maintain no action at law upon the mortgage, unless the same had been assigned in writing.

For the Maine Farmer.

BEE KEEPING.

Friend Holmes:—While visiting the Maine Farmer subscribers in York county, I have had opportunity for learning their success in different branches of agriculture. Observation shows that those who treat the soil in the best manner, and consequently obtain the most profitable crops, are *reading* and *calculating*, as well as working men—they take some agricultural paper. One source of profit, to which but comparatively few farmers are now turning their attention, is bee keeping.

In the eastern section of the county, along the coast, it is said that bees do not succeed well, but one instance will show what has been done by this busy tribe. Asa Stewart, of Saco, informed me, that from one hive, thirteen inches square, with four boxes on top, eight inches square, he sold in 1851, 52 lbs. of honey, at 25 cts. per lb., in addition to which he received $3 premium, amounting to $16. In 1852, from the same hive, 90 lbs. at 25 cts. per lb., and 31 cts. per lb.—premium $3, amounting to $12,20—total in two years, $28,20.

Is not this a profitable income from a small capital, invested in *stock* which gather their own *fodder*?

S. N. Taber.

TOWN MEETING IN WINDSOR.

At a legal town meeting of the inhabitants of Windsor, held on the 29th of December, 1852, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That it is the opinion of the town that James Morton, late of Windsor, was murdered.

Resolved, That we will use all just and proper means to detect the murderer.

Resolved, That the town of Windsor will give *Five Hundred Dollars* to any person or persons who will detect the murderers, so that he or they shall be convicted of the crime.

Resolved, That we, as innocent citizens of said town, do deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of the late James Morton, and that we will unite with them to use all proper measures to ferret out this foul deed.

Resolved, That the doings of this meeting be signed by the Committee, and the Town Clerk, and published in three of the Kennebec papers.

James Merrill,
Isaac Hamilton,
A. S. Coombs,
Joseph Merrill,
Wm. Perkins, Jr.
} Committee.

William Perkins, Town Clerk.

Wreck at Sea—Loss of Life. Yesterday evening we were shown a letter from Richmond Randolph; dated at Rio Janeiro, November 7th, and directed to the wife of the writer, who resides in this city. Mr. Randolph was a seaman on board the brig Amelia Jane, Captain Foxwell, which left this city for the western coast of South America some time during the early part of last summer, and was wrecked on the 14th of August last, off Cape Erie, on the coast of Brazil. The writer states that he is the sole survivor of those on board the unfortunate vessel, and it was only after a long period of intense suffering that he escaped with life. He succeeded in clinging to the wreck, and for thirty-eight days subsisted entirely on wheat flour and salt water, being a great portion of the time out of the sight of land; finally, however, the wreck drifted ashore on the coast of Brazil, when he was taken off by the inhabitants and comfortably provided for until he had regained his strength. He was then sent on to Rio Janeiro. The brig Amelia Jane was built and owned in this city, and at the time of being wrecked, was on her first voyage. [Baltimore American, Dec. 31.

Fire in Milo. On Friday morning the dwelling house and out-buildings of Mr. Bragdon, were consumed by fire, with all their contents, including a cow and a hog. The inmates barely escaped with their lives. Mr. Bragdon is in California. We understand there was a small insurance on the house, in the Penobscot Insurance Company. It is said that the family are left in rather a destitute condition, and we hope the good people of Milo will, as they always have done, assist the needy.

[Piscataquis Observer.

The Mackerel Fishery. The following statement of the Mackerel Fishery in the District of Barnstable, is furnished to the Yarmouth Register:

Vessels employed, 18,733 tons; men do, 2,376; boys do, 706. Mackerel packed: No. 1, 25,390 bbls, value of which was $253,900; No. 2, 22,242 bbls, value $177,936; No. 3, 15,043 bbls, value $90,258. Total value, $522,-148. The value of the Mackerel is estimated at $10, $8, and $6 per barrel for Nos. 1, 2 and 3, which is the average price for the season.

A Dangerous Leap. Yesterday an intoxicated man who wished to go to Brighton, by mistake took the Express train on the Worcester Railroad, which does not stop short of Framingham. As the cars neared Brighton, at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, he leaped off and was of course thrown down with great violence, injuring him seriously but not fatally. The place of his leap was but a few feet distant from the spot where a man jumped from a train under similar circumstances a few years ago and was instantly killed.

[Traveller—1st.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Acres of Pork. A correspondent of the Louisville Courier says that in East Louisville the five extensive pork houses have five or six acres of barrelled pork, piled up three tiers high in open lots. There are not less than six acres, which would make eighteen acres of barrels, if laid side by side, exclusive of lard in barrels and pork bulked down in the five pork houses, sheds, &c., Besides the above slaughtered hogs there are five or six acres of live hogs in pens.

American Copper in England. One hundred and twenty-seven ingots of copper, from the copper region of Lake Superior, were sold during the last week at Birmingham, at the price of £105 10s per ton. It is believed to be the first sale of copper from the United States ever made in England.

Homestead Exemption in Arkansas. The Legislature of Arkansas has passed a homestead bill. It exempts from execution 160 acres of land, or a town lot with building and appurtenances. It extends to heads of families, males or females.

Light Coin. We are requested to caution the public, says the Hartford Courant, against taking gold coin of light weight. A few days since a gold eagle was taken at the post office, which was discovered to be deficient in weight, and returned to the person who passed it. It had gone through the sweating process, and had lost fifty-six cents of its value. Coin treated in this way, generally shows the marks of the wires on which it rested during the operation, and by these it may be detected.

Bridging the Tiber. A French company has obtained permission from the Pope to build four bridges over the Tiber, at and in the vicinity of Rome. His Holiness is so much interested in the enterprise that he has consented that one of the bridges be known as *il pinto Pio Nino*.

Parsnips vs. Carrots The Bedford (Ill.) Times states that, at the Horticultural Show in that town, the judges decided that a bundle of *white carrots* were the best *parsnips*, and gave the prize accordingly.

Manufacturing in South Carolina. The Charleston (S. C.) Courier of Friday says, with natural pride, that its issue of that day "is printed on paper of domestic fabric, having been manufactured by the South Carolina Paper Manufacturing Company, near Graniteville."

Gas from Vegetables. The Mining, England, Journal says Mr. Geo. R. Booth of Wandsworth, has patented some improvements in the production of gas, which consist in manufacturing of vegetable gas from seeds, leaves, fruit and stems of plants, instead of employing the oils, gums or resins obtained therefrom in such process. Any seeds, or plants, capable of yielding oils or gums from which gas may be produced, may be used in this manner, and the form of apparatus or retort employed, may be very much varied.

Drowned. In Frankfort, Saturday, 25th ult., Mr. John Whittemore, Mate of the Eastern State. He was passing from the Steamer Boston on a plank when he slipped and fell, struck his head which probably rendered him senseless before he reached the water. All attempts to recover the body have proved unavailing.

Cheap Postage Forever. The Boston Post enunciates sound doctrine, when it says:—"There is no more reason in requiring the post office department to pay its own expenses, than there would be in requiring our Mediteranean fleet to pay its own expenses by bringing home raisins from Malaga and figs from Smyrna."

Death from the Isthmus Fever. On the 28th inst., Joel H. Gibson, a trader of Bromfield, (query, Bloomfield) Me., aged 31, died in Boston, of Panama fever contracted on the passage across the Isthmus.

Valuable fur. We have the skin of a muskrat, says the Augusta Age, that cost about $100. The animal by some means got into a well, and by minings and excavations, mixed too much "free soil" with the water, and eventually destroyed the well, the rebuilding of which will cost as above.

Selling Telegraph Lines for Taxes. The State Treasurer of Wisconsin advertises that he will sell at public auction, on the 14th of next month, at his office in the Capitol, "all the electric telegraph lines which have been constructed within the State, together with the appurtenances belonging to the same, unless the taxes due the State are paid up previous to that time."

Shooting the wrong one. A gentleman named Glover, received his death wound at Newcastle, (England,) from a pistol which he placed behind a door in such a manner that it would shoot any robber who entered. He forgot his own design, and entering, perished.

Tobacco vs. Literature. Four hundred years have elapsed since the invention of printing, yet books are not in circulation all over the globe; while the use of tobacco became universal within fifty years of its discovery.

Ship Building in New York. The total number of vessels at present on the stocks or launched during the year just closing, is ninety-seven, whose aggregate tonnage is 73,615; of this amount 51,339 has been launched, and 21,276 remains to be launched. Of the whole number, 16 are steamships, 42 steamboats, ferry-boats, &c., 18 ships, and 21 other sailing vessels.

Trying It. The Lowell News says a woman from some of the neighboring towns went into Manchester, N. H., one day last week, and called for two quarts of *gas*, saying she had determined to take it home and try it, and see if it burned so much better than *ile*, as folks telled of.

Short Weight. The Police of Montreal recently visited the baking establishments of that city, and seized about three hundred and fifty loaves short of their full weight, which have been distributed amongst the poor of the city.

Medicine. The town agent of East Greenwich, R. I., where the Maine law is in operation, has within the last four months sold, in the required doses, three hogsheads of New England rum, fifteen casks of brandy, and other liquors in proportion, for the use of sick people.

Good Price for a Shad. A shad caught in the Ogechee river by Mr. Patrick Cody, and which weighed 4 lbs., was sold in the Savannah market yesterday morning to the proprietor of a hotel in Columbia, S. C., for thirty-six dollars.

Singular Discovery. The skeletons of a cat and a rat, in excellent preservation, have been found in Gerard's Hall crypt, London. The rat was firmly held in the mouth of the cat. It is thought they had lain there 480 or 500 years.

Dreadful calamity. A house in McGill street, Montreal, occupied by Mr. King, confectioner, was burnt on the night of December 30, and Mrs. King, two children, and a servant were burnt to death.

Civilization among the Indians. Among the signs of "civilization" among our red brethren, the Minnesota Democrat says that, in a council the other day, with Governor Ramsey, one of the Winnebago chiefs complained that the Chippewa Indians stole seventeen horses from his people some time ago, and what was worse, killed the horses, dried the meat, and sold it to them for jerked elk!

Omnibuses in New York. It appears by a statement in the New York Courier and Enquirer, that there are now six hundred and fifty-seven omnibuses employed in that city, which shows an increase of seventy-one over the number in use a year ago.

The French Imperial Crown. The new Imperial crown of Napoleon III. is said to be not only a masterwork of the jeweller's art, but one which will surpass every Royal ornament in its richness in pearls and precious stones.

Conviction for Murder. The jury in the case of James Clough, on trial before the Supreme Court at Taunton, on a charge of shooting Gideon F. Manchester, of Fall River, who was pursuing him as a burglar, returned a verdict of guilty. Under the new law he must remain in the State Prison a year before he can be executed.

Torpedoes on Rail Roads. A letter from the Superintendent of the Hudson River Rail Road to the New York Courier & Enquirer, states that, hereafter, torpedoes are to be placed on the track whenever draw-bridges are hoisted in thick weather. The explosion caused by running over one of these is loud enough to be heard throughout the entire train, communicating the alarm with absolute certainty to all on board.

LATER FROM CAPE GOOD HOPE.

The Boston Journal of Monday says: The barque Springbok, Capt. Mayo, which arrived at this port yesterday, brings dates from Cape Town to Nov. 20th, fourteen days' later than the advices by way of England. The news is of but trifling interest, and of the same character as that received via England. The Kaffirs are considered as essentially subdued, but small parties are still fighting and plundering the colonists. We quote a paragraph from the summary of the Cape Town Mail:

"With regard to the progress of the Kaffir war there is but little of novelty to report. War it can now scarcely be termed, yet there is no restoration of peace. Hostilities, in any regular or connected form, have for some time ceased, apparently from sheer exhaustion on the part of the Kaffirs; but still the Gaika chiefs refuse to submit. Still their followers lurk, in unknown numbers, in their native mountains, and keep a large body of the troops in incessant motion, watching, tracing, and, where possible, shooting them down; and still by every post we have fresh accounts of cattle carried off in the night from farm houses, from wagons, and even from military posts—nearly every such account ending with the recital that one or two Kaffirs were killed, and part or the whole of the booty retaken."

Large Fire at South Boston. About half-past nine o'clock last Wednesday evening, a fire broke out in the American Glass Works, Second street, South Boston, owned by P. F. Slane. The flames spread over the establishment with great rapidity, and before sufficient aid could be brought into action, the whole was destroyed. There were eight buildings within the yard, each connected with the other, a portion being store-houses, and others for the fabricating of glass ware.

The loss is estimated at $20,000, which is covered by insurance. There was a large stock of glass on hand, and also a considerable amount of new machinery, which had recently been put into the establishment, none of which was saved. The fire originated from a quantity of glass, in the fluid state, running through what is termed "glory hole," into a quantity of rosin which immediately flamed up and fired the whole buildings. A fire on the same spot about a year ago, destroyed the whole establishment.

Destruction of Gas Works at Woonsocket. We learn that early on Friday morning, the gas works erecting in Woonsocket, were entirely destroyed by a tremendous explosion, and two men, connected with the works, were blown to a distance of some twenty or thirty feet, and so dreadfully burnt and otherwise injured; that they now lie in a critical state, and are suffering great agony of pain. It appears that preparations had been made to create the gas, and the superintendent gave particular directions that the apartment should not be approached with any kind of light. Disregarding the injunction, these men, thinking no harm could result from a lantern, entered with one, and the fire immediately communicated to the gas. The explosion is said to have been heard at a great distance, and the building was left in a heap of ruins.

[Providence (R. I.) Post, 1st.

The Snail Trade in France. We learn from our Parisian contemporaries that the snail is becoming a fashionable article of diet, and that for several months past a particular place has been appropriated for their sale in the Paris fish-market, in the southeast angle, near the lobsters and fresh water fish. "Snails," says one of the French journals, "were highly esteemed by the Romans, our masters in gastronomy, and are now raised in many of the departments with success. In the sixteenth century, the Capuchins of Fribourg recovered the art of breeding and fattening snails, an art which is not lost in our day, for in Franche Compte, Lorraine, and Burgundy, they raise excellent snails, which find a sure demand in the Paris market There are now fifty restaurants, and more than twelve hundred private tables in Paris, where snails are accepted as a delicacy, by from eight to ten thousand consumers.

The monthly consumption of this molluscan, is estimated at half a million. The market price of the great vineyard snails is from 2f 50c to 3f 50c per hundred, while those of the hedges, woods, and forests, bring only from 2f to 2f 25c. The proprietor of one snaillery in the vicinity of Dijon, is said to nett over 7000 francs annually."

Chinese Magicians. The arrival of a company of Chinese magicians and jugglers in California has already been announced; and it is said that their performances excel any thing of the kind ever before seen. A correspondent of the Lowell Vox Populi gives the following description of one of their performances:

"A plank sixteen inches wide and six feet high was placed at the back of the stage, and the impaler with knives took his stand about fifteen or twenty feet in front of it. The knives were about seven inch blades, and four inch handles strong and pointed. After playing with them for a time, tossing and whirling themin a most wonderful manner, he threw them one after another, fastening them firmly in the plank before him. He then drew them out, and another Chinaman took his stand before the plank, or rather at the side of it, holding out his arm across the same, and the impaler threw one knife above and another below it, as closely as they could have been placed there by the most careful hand, completely fastening his arm upon the plank. The other arm was then reached across and fastened in the same way, the knives sticking firmly and the handles crossing each other. The Chinaman then reached forward his head, and quick as thought two knives were thrown—the one above and the other below his neck, seemingly one-fourth of an inch on either side. Such precision and daring was truly wonderful, and the whole evening's performance elicited unbounded applause."

The Pork Business. Three thousand two hundred and thirty-seven hogs were transported over the Erie Railroad from the West, for the New York market, on Christmas day. The holders of hogs, at Cincinnati, asked seven cents per pound for them on Friday last, and the demand for Australia and California is said to be so great that poor men are obliged to turn Jews in pecuniary defence, and denounce the "abomination of all the tribes," because the luxury of eating pork is beyond their reach.

Singular Incident. A few weeks ago the following aged gentlemen happened to meet in the grocery store of Mr. John B. Pratt, and after making their purchases, fell into conversation with each other upon their personal history. They are all native citizens of Worcester, and a gentleman present had the curiosity to note down their respective ages, which were as follows: Wm. Eaton., 86; Samuel Sturtevant, 80; Capt. Lewis Barnard, 78; Maj. Samuel Graves, 76; Abel Flagg, 72; Joel Gates, 70; their united ages, 462. [Worcester Palladium.

Fire. On Tuesday morning of last week, the house of Mr. D. C. Dinsmore, in Rockland, Me., was destroyed by fire. Loss about $1500; no insurance. Thus, in an hour, an industrious, prudent mechanic was stripped of all the property he has been able to accumulate during long years of hard labor. There was stored on the premises the furniture of a Mr. Lord, which also was consumed—loss about $100—no insurance.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

An officer on board the Susquehannah, writing from Cumsingmoon, China, Sept. 22, expresses the opinion entertained by Americans and others in that region, that our government has departed from its original peaceful intentions respecting Japan, and condemns very strongly any war-like attempts upon that empire as impracticable. He thinks the Japanese are already aware, through Batavia, of the expedition, its strength and objects, and will be fully prepared to resist it. We extract from the letter the following paragraphs:

"Assuming the objects of the Government to be the opening of the Japan ports to commerce, and, failing in that, to secure some point for the establishment of a coal depot, it will be seen by all that both these objects are contrary to the known policy of the Japanese Government. The Japanese, though not, in the European sense of the word, a military people, are still, even in that light, not to be disregarded; for they are admitted to be brave, and to entertain less regard for human life than any race on earth. They are numerous, and in that sense possess great strength; but a greater element of power is, that they have always been independent, and have great confidence in their ability to defend themselves against all invaders. That, briefly, is the nation whose policy of Government we propose changing.

All I desired to say, was simply that, judging from rumors and reports from home, relative to it, the government in departing from its original plan, made a great mistake; for, in dealing with a people so peculiar as the Japanese, one vessel on a mission would be better than two; and three or four either as an armed demonstration or with hostile intent, cannot accomplish any practical results."

Increase of Patents. From the number of Patents issued weekly it would seem that the simplest actions are to be performed hereafter by means of patent contrivances. An ingenious mechanic of this city has invented and patented a contrivance for forcing down the lids of boxes when they are to be screwed or nailed. In old times, we believe, the carpenter performed the necessary operation by placing one knee on the board to be nailed down—but we see that this new contrivance consists of a vertical screw working in a nut, which is formed in a cross-piece. Attached to this latter are a couple of bent arms which swing freely, and to the end of the screw is fixed an iron plate which bears on the top of the box, or rather, on a stout board which rests on the lid. It will be perceived that, by turning the screw, the cross-piece will commence to rise, when the bent arms will catch on the sides of the box, and the latter yielding to the impulse will close on the box. We hope carpenters will now be able to nail up our boxes *without trouble!*

[New York Courier.

Cholera in Florida. A telegraphic dispatch from the South, was published a few days since, stating that the cholera had broken out with great fatality, at Apalachicola, Florida. The only additional reference to the subject we have since seen is the following from the Albany (Geo.) Patriot, of the 16th, which we presume is the authority for the dispatch in question:

"We learn from the officers of the steamer Henry, at this place from Apalachicola, Florida, that a malignant and fatal disease resembling the Asiatic cholera has broken out at this place. Within ten days previous to the time the Henry left, as many as 65 deaths had occurred—and there was no abatement at the time of her leaving. The disease is supposed to be caused by partaking of the oysters procured in the bay. Either from being deprived of salt water by the unusual quantity of fresh water discharged into the bay after the late freshet, or some other cause, the oysters have died or disappeared. They are pronounced by physicians and others to be not only unwholesome, but absolutely poisonous.

The New Mail Route to California.. The steamer Albatross, which is advertised to leave this port on the 8th of January for Vera Cruz direct, is the first put upon the new line of communication to California through the Mexican territory. Under the grants made to Col. A. C. Ramsey, by the Government of Mexico, exclusive permission is given to carry all foreign mails across the territory of that republic from sea to sea, and thus open a shorter mail route between the Atlantic cities and California. It is said that the parties interested will perfect their arrangements in a short time to carry letters and papers between New Orleans and San Francisco in fourteen days. They also intend to transmit without delay every mail brought by any steamer to Vera Cruz or Acapulco, and thus letters, &c., may be sent and received eight or ten times each month. A daily communication will be kept open between Vera Cruz and Acapulco. [N. Y. Com. Advertiser, 30th.

Birthday of Benjamin Franklin. The craft in many cities of the Union, intend observing this anniversary, which occurs in January. We think that if a subscription paper was started in each place on the occasion, for the purpose of erecting over the remains of Franklin, in this city, a neat obelisk, that the idea would meet with general favor. Nothing marks the spot, at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets, where Franklin lies, but a time-worn, crumbling slab, the letters upon which are almost obliterated, a condition in which the stone will soon be. The printers of the United States should deem it their especial duty to move in the matter; carry the work forward with energy, and feel proud that they are privileged to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of the great printer, Benjamin Franklin. [Philadelphia Sun.

A Man of Energy At the Cambridge Cattle Market, last week, there was seen a forcible illustration of the capability of man to overcome physical disabilities. A Vermonter, who from his birth has been deprived of the use of his lower limbs, came down with a car load of cattle to sell. His appearance was that of *a tailor seated on his board*. On the stopping of the train, he lets himself down from the cars upon a small wagon brought for the purpose, and by the aid of a brother drover, is drawn to the market. Having disposed of his cattle and received the money, he returns to the cars, and without assistance, by the strength of his arms, he draws himself into his seat and starts for home.

The whole appearance of the man is one of cheerfulness. His eye glistens with gratitude at the successful accomplishment of his undertaking, and that he is not wholly excluded from the activities of this busy world. How powerful the lesson to those who are possessed of a perfect organization, but who with the greatest facilities sometimes find themselves unable to overcome even lesser difficulties.

[Cambridge Chronicle.

Matrimony in Russia. On Whitsuntide afternoon, there are now to be seen in the summer gardens of St. Petersburg, the daughters of the middling class, ranged in long rows, dressed in their best, and often bedecked with costly jewels. Matrimony is the object of the display. Young bachelors walk up and down the line of damsels, critically inspecting them as they pass. Should their eye indicate that they have made a choice, a matchmaking friend of the young lady steps out of the rear ranks, joins the would-be-wooer, in forming him of the girls's circumstances, of her family dowry, of her housewifely qualities, ect., and obtains from him similar information concerning himself. Should they come to an understanding, the matchmaker conducts her candidate to the mother, who introduces him to her daughter, invites him to her house, and a wedding is the most usual result of the acquaintance thus commenced. Some may smile at this fact, but the cynical will declare that the custom is in reality by no means peculiar to Russia.

Indians of Western New York. We find in the Rochester Advertiser, an abstract of the Indian agent in relation to the remnant of the "Six Nations" now resident in the State of New York. According to the census taken in 1851, there were in the State, Senecas 1,579; Tuscaroras 290; Cayugas 139; Onondagas 457; Oneidas 213; Mohawks 1. Total in the State, 3,779. The rapid decline of the Indian power in the State, from emigration and other causes, is seen in the fact that of the once powerful "Six Nations," less than four thousand now linger around the council fires of their fathers, while in their places have risen up some fifteen hundred thousand "pale faces."

LATEST NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamer Uncle Sam, arrived at New York on Tuesday of last week. She has over $500,000 in gold dust, and 200 passengers. We make the following synopsis of her news.

On the evening of the 4th, the city of Acapulco was visited by a terrible earthquake, and a number of the largest buildings were destroyed. Continued shocks were being felt up to the period of the steamer's departure. A burning mountain was visible some sixty miles at the rear of Acapulco; 30 buildings were ruined. Loss $200,000.

The engineers of the Marysville and Benicia Railroad, were at Marysville, waiting for favorable weather, to commence surveying the route.

The quartermaster's and commisary store houses, with their contents, at Camp Yuba, were destroyed by fire on the 26th of October.

The mining prospects on the Winter diggings were never more favorable for an abundant yield. The rains had been very favorable for mining.

The latest election returns indicate that Pierce's majority in California will be about 7000.

The announcement of Mr. Webster's death was received on the 20th of November, and cast a deep gloom over the city. Minute guns were fired and flags of the shipping in the harbor were displayed at half mast, &c. No public demonstration has yet been made, on account of the inclement weather.

The Indians in the south were becoming restive again. Lieut. Beal, Superintendent of Indian affairs, was to leave on the 30th ult. for their haunts, and it was hoped that his presence among them would produce a better state of feeling.

The land commissioners were busily employed at Los Angelos, and had proved nearly all claims.

Snow had fallen in many places, and in some localities was four feet in depth.

The city of Sacramento had been nearly all rebuilt, and many fine brick buildings had been erected.

The Prometheus arrived at New York on Thursday, with one day later intelligence. She brings 300 passengers.

The steamship Brother Jonathan had not arrived at San Francisco. No steamer was ever looked for so anxiously.

The Electoral College had met at Vallejo, and cast the vote of the State of California for Pierce and King.

The blocks of marble intended for the Washington Monument were destroyed by the Sacramento fire.

Capt. Wright and his party had had a battle with the Indians in which thirty of the latter were killed.

William Bornsfield, Treasurer of Shasta Co., has absconded with the State funds, amounting to $2000 or $3000.

Departure of Chinese. The Clipper ship Eureka, Captain Welsh, had sailed for Hongkong with three hundred Chinese passengers. She will touch at the Sandwich Islands, where forty of them will remain. She also carried away the sum of $70,000 in gold dust. This is the largest number of Celestials that have left in one vessel. [

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTRAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRANKLIN.

The steamship Franklin, from Havre for New York, put in at Halifax on Wednesday of last week, short of coal. She brings very little news.

The opposition throughout England to the Tory ministry was on the increase, and there was no doubt if the government did not withdraw its financial scheme for an amendment and reconsideration, that they would be defeated in the House of Commons, and a resignation will follow.

Great activity characterises the manufacturing districts.

Further arrivals of gold are reported.

The continental news is not important.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN CONSUL. *Halifax, Dec. 29.* The captain and other officers of the Franklin, with the passengers, attended the funeral of Mr. Livingston, late American Consul, who died last Sunday, and was buried today at half past three o'clock. Minute guns during the procession were fired from the Citadel.

LATER—ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC.

The steamer Pacific arrived at New York, on Saturday. There is little of interest in the news.

ENGLAND. The papers give accounts of the mildness of the season. A primrose, grown in the open air in Liverpool, was plucked on the 11th ult.

Letters have been received from the Behring's Straits, or Western division of the Arctic Seas. Capt. Maguire has proceeded with the Plover up to Point Barrow, where Captain Moore (who has now returned to England,) after having passed four winters in the ice) had discovered a harbor, in which the Plover, could be safely secured. The Herald remarks:

"As Point Barrow is 500 or 600 miles in advance of the old winter quarters of the Plover, and the first spot that a retreating party would make for from any part of the Polar Sea to the northward, we cannot but rejoice at this move in the right direction. Every step in advance, with the retreat secured, must be hailed with delight by all who understand and are interested in the subject of the search of Sir John Franklin, (that brave and good man,) and his gallant associates. Onward they have gone, and onward we must follow—not rashly, but prudently.—The whole search is now reduced to an almost certainty; and we think we may safely predict that it will not be long before the fate of the missing ones is ascertained. It only remains for us to keep up the supplies and the communication with the respective depots—and, if needs be, to advance those depots east and west, and replace them with other depots, so that each advanced party may have a known given spot to fall back upon. It is the whole secret of 'Arctic search;' it is now solely a question of commissariat."

Two arrivals from Australia bring 33,537 oz. of gold, valued at £134,000.

FRANCE. Everything is quiet in Paris, the principal subjects of public concern being the marriage of the Emperor, and the expected presence of the Pope at the coronation. In regard to the Emperor's marriage, nothing is positively known, but rumor still assigns to the Princess Wasa that honor. Other opinions incline to a Princess of Saxony, and a Princess of Naples is also mentioned.

The Government papers state that 702 political prisoners have been pardoned.

ITALY. A number of the revolutionary committees of Mantua and Venice, were executed at Mantua, on the 7th ult. Many others have been imprisoned for various periods of time.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. Advices from the Cape of Good Hope have been received to Nov. 6.

On the 6th of October General Cathcart had an interview with the chiefs of the Slambie tribes at Fort Murray. They consisted of Pato, Cobus Congo, Toise Umbala, Umkye, Jan Tzatzoe, and Siwani and his mother Nonebi, being all the Slambies except the rebel Seyolo. The Governor's address promised protection, provided they did not allow any of the rebels who had taken shelter among their tribes to attack the Queen's subjects. These chiefs severally expressed their desire for peace, and a few days after Seyolo delivered himself up, and is now in safe custody.

A correspondent writes that the last Graham's Town Journal contains a proclamation offering, with certain exceptions, life to all the Hottentots, on condition of their surrendering themselves. It is understood that those of the Waterkloof are in great want, and anxious to come in. Rumors are rife as to the removal of the seat of government; Graham's Town is spoken of.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN NEW YORK CITY. The Brooklyn Daily Advertiser, moralizing upon the rapid ascent of Louis Napoleon up the ladder of ambition, from positive poverty, to superlative grandeur and power, recalls some reminiscenses of his sojourn in New York many years ago. The editor says:

"Strange events have occurred within a few years in reference to that man! We knew him whilst he was residing in New York, at a lodging house in Reade street, then kept by a gentleman who now occupies a high official position under the French government. At that time he was very poor, and very dissipated. Notoriously profligate in his habits, and without the pecuniary ability to indulge to the full bent of his inclination the culpable propensities which characterized him, he was frequently expelled from certain places, in which he obtruded himself, and more than a dozen times was the occupant of a cell at the old Jail in the Park, long since torn down.

Not long prior to his leaving the United States, he was arrested for misdemeanor committed by him at the disreputable house of a woman whose establishment he often visited, and the writer of this article was employed professionally by him to save him from the threatened consequences of his recklessness and indiscretion. We little supposed at that time that the thoughtless gay young man who was then our client (and who is still indebted to us for counsel fees and disbursements) would become Emperor of France. Such, however, is now his "manifest destiny," although we believe that his realization of his ambitious hopes and aspirations will but hasten the fearful doom which unquestionably impends over him."

FROM MAZATLAN. By our California papers received by the Georgia, we have interesting intelligence from Mazatlan. Gen. Vega having been appointed to succeed Gen. Valdez, as Governor and commander-in-chief of the State of Sinaloa, the latter, supported by the merchants of Mazatlan, determined to resist the authority of General Vega. An engagement took place between the forces of the two parties, which resulted in the defeat of General Vega, and the capture, by General Valdez, of Culiacan, an important interior city, situated about 100 miles north of Mazaltan, and the capital of the State. An immense amount of property is said to have been destroyed by the victorious party in the city. The opposition to General Vega appears to have been on account of his arbitrary and unjust course towards the inhabitants of Mazatlan last year.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY—MARINE PAINT. In a report recently made and published in the city of New York, addressed to the President and Directors of the New Jersey Zinc Company, it is averred—over the respectable and reliable signatures of C. E. Detmold, Horatio Allen and John C. Hitchcock—that "late experiments made at the United States Navy Yard at Gosport, have established, by the most conclusive tests, the decided superiority of the white oxide of zinc as a marine paint, over all others subjected to the same test, namely—white lead, red lead, marine paint manufactured at Philadelphia, verdigris and coal tar. These experiments prove, that timber covered with two coats of white zinc is neither attacked by the worm, nor do barnacles attach to it, when immersed in salt water: whilst all other paints tried offer comparatively no protection against these two great evils."

[Boston Courier.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Dec. 27.

SENATE. The chair laid before the chamber a communication from the War Department, enclosing a statement of unexpended balances of appropriations. Also from the Interior Department, with a statement of the navy pension fund petitions.

Mr. Cass offered a resolution instructing the committee on public lands to inquire into the expediency of reporting bills granting lands to the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, for the purpose of constructing certain railroads.

One or two private bills were passed, when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. In the House, Mr. Smart offered a resolution calling on the President for information as to what measures have been taken since January last, in relation to the capture and condemnation by the Spanish authorities of the bark Georgiana, and the brig Susan Loud of Maine.

Mr. Lane introduced a bill giving bounty lands to officers and soldiers who served in the war in Oregon, and a bill providing for the location of the bounty lands there. No quorum being present, the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, Dec. 28.

SENATE. Mr. Cass offered a resolution requesting the President to furnish information respecting the British colony of Ruatan Island, and asking what measures have been taken by the Executive to prevent the infraction of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain. Laid over.

After several ineffectual attempts to proceed to business, for lack of a quorum, the Senate had an executive session of a few minutes in duration, and adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Sabine, of Mass., appeared and was qualified.

Mr. Hart offered a resolution that the committee of the whole be discharged from the further consideration of the bill to remit duties on certain goods destroyed by fire in New York; and that the same be referred to the committee on commerce, which was tabled.

The House then adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 29.

SENATE. Mr. Weller presented several petitions from merchants and others in California, praying for a law allowing the receipt of ingots and bars in payment of duties at the Custom House.

Mr. Davis reported a joint resolution allowing further time to the owners of steamers to bring their vesels within the requirements of the act of last session, known as the steamboat bill, which was considered and passed.

Several private bills were then taken up and passed and the Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. White asked leave to submit a resolution that Congress stand adjourned to the first Monday of February next. Objected to.

Mr. Stanley offered a resolution that the reporters of the House be directed hereafter not to report in the Daily Globe, as part of the proceedings of the House, speeches that have not been made in the House, without leave of the House being first obtained. He said it appeared from the Daily Globe of yesterday, that the gentleman from Maine, Mr. Smart, had offered a resolution relative to the seizure and confiscation, by the Spanish government, of the bark Georgiana, and brig Susan Loud; and after this the report went on to state that Mr. Smart made the speech appended, which occupies four columns of that paper; and the report adds that the question was taken, and the resolution adopted, while the fact was that not one was mentioned on that floor. He mentioned this in no spirit of personal unkindness, but he considered it inproper in this way to attack an outgoing administration without allowing it a chance for its defence.

Mr. Smart, by unanimous consent, made a statement to the effect that on the day he submitted the resolution, he had great difficulty to get it in. After it was ordered, he went on to make a statement, but was interrupted he believed by the gentleman from North Carolina himself, and he then did what had been customary during the whole of this Congress. He had stated that he would send his remarks to the reporters, and he had done so. He then went into the merits of his resolution, when Mr. Hunter called him to order.

Mr. Smart appealed to the gentleman to let him proceed, which he was permitted to do. He detailed at some length the circumstances attending the seizure and confiscation of the Georgiana and Susan Loud, avowing his opinion that the government ought to take up the subject and make reprisals.

After he had closed, a discussion ensued between Messrs. Smart and Stanley, on the propriety of printing unspoken speeches.

Mr. Stanley then briefly reviewed Mr. Smart's speech, and defended the administration against the charges of the gentleman from Maine.

The discussion was continued by several other gentlemen, when Mr. Stanley's resolution was finally adopted and the House adjourned.

THURSDAY, Dec. 30.

SENATE. The chair laid before the Senate an invitation to attend the inauguration of the statue of Jackson; also a report of the Secretary of the Interior, relative to the lunatic asylum in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Cass' resolution relative to Central American affairs was adopted.

Several bills reported from the House were finally acted on and passed.

Several private bills were passed.

A short executive session was held, when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE. The Speaker laid before the House an invitation to attend the inauguration of the bronze statue of Jackson on the 8th January.

Nothing further of importance was done, and the House adjourned till Monday.

WOOL. The importance of this article as a staple, is but just beginning to be realized among the farmers at the West. The repeated failures of the wheat crop in that section of the country, and its low price during an abundant season, have been causes for great discouragement to the agricultural community; and the attention of the farmers of the North West having been fortunately directed to the breeding of sheep, the experiment has been found to work admirably, and there has, for the past three years, been a continually increasing clip of wool sent forward to market from the interior of Michigan, in the aggregate amounting to some millions of pounds. The prices, so far, have been higher, more uniform, and better sustained than those of any other product of the farm, and it is becoming pretty certain that wool is to be the leading agricultural product. A Michigan paper states that there are runners all over the country, buying up sheep-pelts at exorbitant prices—in some instances offering $1 a piece—which has the effect to induce farmers to kill off large numbers of their flocks. This is very bad policy, and will result in a serious loss to the farmers in the end. [Boston Courier.

DEATH OF HON. AMOS LAWRENCE. Hon. Amos Lawrence died this morning, suddenly, at his residence, Tremont street. Mr. Lawrence is well known as the senior partner in the firm of A. & A. Lawrence & Co. He has of late years, however refrained from business, his health being poor. For a number of years he has been compelled to regulate his diet with great care, owing to a disease of the stomach threatening his life. Mr. Lawrence's last public act was as a member of the Massachusetts Electoral College to cast the vote of one of the Boston districts for Gen. Scott. He then was in his usual health; and since that time he has been frequently about the city on business. He was out yesterday without symptoms of any sudden and fatal termination of his disorder.

[Traveller, 31st.

JUST COMMENCING LIFE. Mr. Seth Gardner died in Hanover in this County a few days since aged 82 years. Having an OLDER brother in Maine, Mr. Gardner's friends notified him of his brother's death that unless too infirm he might attend the funeral. The reply of the Maine gentleman lacked none of the brotherly affection which such a short life might be supposed to inculcate, but he assured the friends of the deceased that he had just married a girl of 30 summers, and the duties incident to the commencement of a life of housekeeping must prevent his attendance at the obsequies.

[Plymouth Rock.

BILLY BOWLEGS. This distinguished gentleman of the forest is still bent upon continuing under his own vine and fig tree. He repudiates his agreement with his great father at Washington on the ground that he was drunk from the time he left home until his return. It was a pleasant summer excursion for Billy, and gave him an opportunity of drinking with the President and other notables of the land. Kossuth travelled at the expense of Uncle Sam, and why not every other lover of home and country, who is seeking to retain his foot-hold in his native land. [Winyah Observer.

TRADE WITH JAPAN. It is estimated, by an article in De Bow's Review, that the trade of Japan with this country, if she opens her ports, will be worth more than $200,000,000 annually. This is more than the entire value of the annual exports of the United States to Great Britain. The population is put at 50,000,000. The Empire consists of three thousand eight hundred and fifty islands, lying off the coast of China, having an area about equal to that of Germany, including Prussia and Austria, or about six times that of the State of New York.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER BOY OF THE MAINE FARMER.

January 1, 1853.

Ere order had from chaos sprung,
When neither earth nor time was known,
And darkness moved upon the face
Of waters deep, and filled all space,
And rayless gloom, on every side,
Shrouded alike the formless void—
A voice was heard—"*Let there be light*"—
It rang upon the ear of night:
Old Chaos fled—Beauty awoke—
The Heavenly orbs resplendent took
Their stand in yonder azure field—
Creation stood at once revealed;
And earth in boundless space being flung,
"Self balanced on its center hung."
Sweet Harmony throughout the spheres,
Enraptured all Angelic ears;
Glad music through all ether rang—
The morning stars together sang—
Fountains appeared, of living light;
The great by day, the less by night;
And glittering stars, like eyes of love,
Begommed the glorious vault above;
And herb and flower, and fruit and tree,
Spread o'er the earth from sea to sea.
In every grove, on every mead,
Sweet warblers softest music made,—
Mountain and plain, and gushing rill,
And ocean caves, with life were full—
Jehovah 'mid these wonders stood,
Looked o'er his works, and called them good.
But still, in all this wondrous plan,
God had not yet created man.
'Mong all this living host arrayed,
Was none in God's own image made;
No one whose soul he might inspire
With sparks from his celestial fire.
But lo! from dust arose a form,
Its eye lights up, its heart grows warm—
Unconscious of his mystic birth,
In God's own image man stood forth.
O'er things of air, o'er sea and land,
God gave him the supreme command.
But still a sadness brooded o'er
Each rosy bank, each blissful bower—
And soon 'twas found it was not good,
For man to dwell in solitude.
A lifeless sleep o'er Adam came—
A sleep when neither thought nor dream
Disturbed him aught, while, from his side,
God made him a transcendent bride—
And, waking, gave into his arms,
Woman, in all her glorious charms—
And Mrs. Eve, in accents clear,
Wished him a new and happy year.

Hence, from that hour has ever been
The custom kept 'tween friend and friend,
To wish to each all sorts of cheer,
When first begins the fleeting year.
And thus comes now, elate with joy,
The Farmer's jocund Carrier Boy.
Love swells his heart, love lights his eye,
With gratitude his heart beats high;
The prayer sincere is on his lip,
That God you all would safely keep
Throughout the year, whose present morn
Breaks gaily forth in yonder dawn—
Health and contentment, love and peace,
Be with you now, and aye increase.

During the year that's past and gone,
We've labored hard to keep you warned
Of all the interesting news
That's known mong Gentiles or Jews;
And, certainly have spared no pains,
In useful lore to improve your brains.
Each week we've had a little chat,
We've talked of this, and talked of that,—
How we our land should farm and till,
And how mechanics work with skill;
How make our cattle grow and thrive,
And how our business we may drive;
What news there is abroad, or near,
What great inventions are to appear;
For what the great are known and famed,
And how our laws are made and framed;
What's the best mode of raising swine,
How make a worn out farm to shine;
How stock is sold, and what's the price
You get for cheese and butter nice;
How manage every ill and ail
That may among our stock prevail;
What plants our soils will suit the best;
How we may know, and how to test
What crops another should succeed,
And what manures each soil may need;
What breeds of cattle, swine and sheep,
Are best to raise and best to keep;
What tools are good and best to use,
And which to buy and which refuse;
And oft a word of *sage advice*,
To keep us from the paths of vice—
Sometimes a touch of fancy's flight,
Through poet's numbers brought to light;
And now and then a humorous tale,
To cheer us in this worldly vale;
And many things scarce known before,
For as we talk we think of more.
Perhaps you'll say, "You're wondrous wise,
Know vastly much in your own eyes,
That every subject in the land
You *think* you clearly understand!"
Not so, dear friends, you much mistake,
We no such high pretensions make;
We're but the medium through which you
These varied questions can pursue,
The common channel, through which all,
Can each upon the other call,
And here, in harmony debate
Such things as to your wants relate;
For, though we're apt to talk, and tell
Of much of what we think is well;
Yet, in our turn, we'll listen, too,
And gladly hear a word from you;
So, when you know *a thing of use*,
Pray don't act out the lone recluse,
And keep it pent within your breast,
Useless to you *and all the rest;*
But pen to paper quickly put,
And bring your ideas fairly out;
And spread them, broadcast, round the land,
That all, with you, may understand
What's right, what's wrong, and also what
This thing will do and that will not—
Thus, instrumental you will be
In helping on Society.

But truce to this—excuse our haste,
Your time we will no longer waste,—
Thanks for your BOUNTY, and your aid—
Heaven shower its mercies on your head,
Protect you e'er, and kindly bless
Your honest labors with success.

SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE. Mr. Alf. A. Green, who resides on a farm about 8 miles west of this city, has given us the following singular information. On Wednesday night last, about 11 o'clock, a severe shock of an earthquake was experienced, which did not continue long, but which was so violent as to create a commotion among the domestic animals. On the next morning it was discovered that a deep chasm about half a mile in width and 300 yards in length, had been opened from Lake Merced to the ocean, and that the lake was nearly dry. Our informant, who left there on Thursday morning, stated that the water was still rushing out with great force, and that he had no doubt but that it soon would be emptied. The lake is about half a mile from what is known by many of our citizens as Green's Lake. What renders this matter so strange is, that the shock of an earthquake has never been felt in this city—at least we have heard of no one who experienced it.

[Alta California.

THE WOODWORTH PATENT. The Washington correspondent of the Syracuse Star, states that the well known case of the Woodworth planing machine patent, has been settled by compromise. The owners of the Woodworth patent, it will be recollected, sued Mr. Bradlee, of Albany, for an infringement, but by the compromise, they acknowledged that his machine was a bona fide invention, and bought up his claim, guaranteeing him an income of $40,000 for the use of his patent right.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly.

Flour,	$5 50 @ 7 00	Round Hogs,	$8 00 @ 9 00
Corn Meal,	1 00 @ 1 00	Clear Salt Pork,	11 @ 13
Rye Meal,	97 @ 1 00	Mutton,	3 @ 4
Wheat,	1 15 @ 1 25	Turkeys,	10 @ 11
Rye,	92 @ 1 00	Chickens,	5 @ 7
Corn,	93 @ 1 00	Geese,	5 @ 6
Beans,	1 75 @ 2 00	Clover Seed,	12 @ 15
Oats,	42 @ 46	Herd's Grass,	3 50 @ 4 00
Potatoes,	40 @ 50	Red Top,	75 @ 1 00
Dried Apples,	3 @ 4	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 00
Cooking Apples,	15 @ 25	Hay,	16 00 @ 18 00
Winter do.	33 @ 40	Lime,	90 @ 1 10
Butter,	19 @ 22	Fleece Wool,	34 @ 40
Cheese,	8 @ 10	Pulled do.	35 @ 40
Eggs,	15 @ 17	Lambskins,	75 @ 1 00
Lard,	12 @ 14	Hides,	4 @ 5

BRIGHTON MARKET, December 30.

At Market, 1250 Beef Cattle, 275 stores, 4650 Sheep, and $25 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We quote extra $6 25 @ $6 50; first quality $5 25 @ $6 00; second $4 25 @ $5 00; third $3 50 @ $4 00.

STORES.—We quote yearlings $9 00 @ $15 00; two years old, $9 00 @ $15 00; three years old, $20 00 @ $26 00.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales from $90 to $115.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales from $22 to $42.

SHEEP.—Sales from $1 50 to $3 00; Weathers from $3 75 to $5 00.

SWINE.—At retail, from 7 to 8½c.

BOSTON MARKET, December 31.

FLOUR.—Sales of Ohio and Michigan fancy brands, $5 87½ @ $6 00; common brands, $5 62½ @ $5 65; fancy Genesee, $6 00; extra, $6 25 @ $6 75.

GRAIN.—Southern Yellow Corn is selling at 72c, and White at 69c. Northern Oats, 49 @ 50c; Southern, 44c. Rye, in lots, 97c ₱ bushel, cash.

HAY.—Eastern Bundle Hay, by the cargo, is selling at $23 ₱ ton, cash.

Interesting to the Consumptive.

The following facts are communicated by Wm. Mitchell, of Boston, who has been cured of Consumption by using *WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF COD LIVER OIL AND LIME*, and wishes to have others similarly afflicted use this preparation before it is too late. He says:

"I had been sick with confirmed Consumption for nearly fifteen months. I was advised by my physicians to try your Compound of Oil and Lime. I did so; and, after using one bottle, began to perceive it was having a wonderful effect; my cough, which was very severe, had nearly left me; and I am now happy to say that after using it for two months, I am strong and healthy, all unfavorable symptoms having left me."

Be sure and get the genuine, manufactured *only* by

ALEX'R B. WILBOR, 155 Court St. Boston.

For sale in Portland by CHARLES A. GILSON, EDWARD MASON, and H. H. HAY; in Bath by A. G. PAGE. 1y24

Canker Sore Mouth can be Cured

By using DR. PETTIT'S CANKER BALSAM. A Carpenter in Camden, Me., was badly afflicted with Canker in the Mouth. He tried various remedies—had recourse to physicians, but obtained no relief. His mouth was one complete *Canker Sore*, the gums swollen and affected to the point of suppuration, and cleaving off from the teeth. He received a perfect cure from the use of one bottle of Dr. Pettit's Canker Balsam, purchased of J. W. K. NORWOOD, one of our agents in that town.

Sold by C. W. ATWELL, under the United States Hotel, Portland, General Agent for the State of Maine. Also sold by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, G. H. CUSHING, EBEN FULLER, and J. W. COFREN, Augusta, and by Druggists generally. 6w2

Piles, or an Internal Humor, Cured

By using DR. PETTIT'S CANKER BALSAM. A Child 18 months old, daughter of E. T. Cushman, of Portland, was badly afflicted with Canker in the Mouth, Stomach, and Bowels. For more than six months this had continued, without any relief from remedies tried, until the child was reduced very low, and apparently near death. The Doctors called it Piles, or an Internal Humor.

A perfect cure was effected by using the Canker Balsam, according to the directions, and also as an injection in an infusion of arrow root.

Refer to the mother of the child, Mrs. M. B. Cushman, at No. 12 Winter Street.

Sold by C. W. ATWELL, under the United States Hotel, Portland, General Agent for the State of Maine. Also sold by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, G. H. CUSHING, EBEN FULLER, and J. W. COFREN, Augusta, and by Druggists generally. 6w2

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in E'leu's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

In this city, 1st inst., by Rev. Z. Thompson, Mr. WM. A. CLARK to Miss MARGARET CLOUCE, of Waldoboro'.

In this city, 23d ult., by Rev. E. B. Webb, Mr. AUGUSTUS W. BRAINARD of Bradfield, to Miss HANNAH L. THWING.

In Hallowell, 23d ult., Mr. JOHN H. LOWELL to Miss SUSAN B. WEBBER; 6th ult., Mr. CHARLES BUBIA to Miss LOUISA COTTON, both of Farmingdale.

In Richmond, Dec. 28th, Mr. DANIEL CLARKE, JR., to Miss AUGUSTA TAPLEY, formerly of Hallowell.

In Waterville, Mr. ASA B. RICHARDSON, of Oldtown, to Miss ANNIE C. FOSTER.

In China, by Wm. Percival, Esq., Mr. WARREN DUDLEY to Miss CATHARINE B. LORD.

In Winslow, Mr. NIVEN BURKET of Waldoboro', to Miss MARIA H. FURBER; Mr. JOSEPH PAUL of Benton, to Miss RACHEL H. WARDWELL.

In Bath, 25th ult., Mr. FRANK A. LEAVITT of Lewiston, to Miss CLARA E. METCALF.

In Wilton, Dr. ABRAHAM ROBERTSON, of Manchester, N. H., to Miss EMILY A. BARKER.

In Wiscasset, Mr. ALDEN D. BAILEY to Miss MARY A. SHAW of Woolwich.

In Bangor, Mr SIMEON CHASE of Fayette, to Miss LOUISA E. GIBBS; ISAAC W. CASE, Esq., of Kenduskeag, to Miss PAMELIA A. GILMAN, daughter of Maj. Stephen Gilman.

In Paris, Mr. THOMAS NICHOLS to Miss CYNTHIA A. SWIFT; Mr. FREEMAN C. MERRILL of Poland, to Miss SARAH A. BRETT.

In Saco, Mr. CHANDLER K. CHASE to Miss BELINDA COLE, both of Biddeford; Mr. LUTHER D. LIVINGSTON to Miss LUCY J. SAWYER.

In Bath, Mr. AMOS YOULAND to Miss OCTAVIA WYMAN.

In San Francisco, Mr. ALPHONSO DAM to Miss LUCY E. CODMAN, of Portland, Me.

In Canton, WM. A. GODDARD, Esq., to Miss ABBY M. BISBEE.

In Bangor, Mr. SIMEON CHASE, of Fayette, to Miss L. E. GIBBS.

In New York, Mr. ISAAC RANDALL, of Fayette, Me., to Miss AMY F. SIMPSON, of Hillsdale, N. Y.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this city, 24 inst., WM. HASTINGS, Printer, aged 59.

In Winthrop, 19th ult., SUSAN M. DEXTER, wife of Isaac Dexter, aged 60.

In Hallowell, Dec. 25th, ADELAIDE H. STEARNS, daughter of Geo. B. Stearns, aged 16; Dec. 30th, EDMUND PRAY ROWELL, son of Eliphalet Rowell, aged 4 years 8 months; MOSES B. WALKER, aged about 25.

In Gardiner, Dec. 26th, Gen. GEORGE W. BACHELDER, late Judge of the Police Court, aged about 50.

In China, Dec. 16th, NANCY A. HAWES, wife of Thomas Hawes, aged 46.

In Bowdoinham, Maj. JOSIAH M. MERROW, aged 30.

In Bath, ANGELINE CROOKER, aged 16.

In Sharsmont, PHILIP MARINER, aged 81.

In Bangor, MARY K. KEATING, aged 23.

In Embden, CHARLES CHICK, aged 22.

In West Bath, EZRA WOODWARD, aged 70.

In Lewiston, ELIZABETH M. INGALLS, wife of Reuben Ingalls, aged 47.

In New York, Dec. 29th, at the United Stated Hotel, Capt. O. FARNHAM, formerly of Gardiner, aged 45.

At Panama Hospital, WM. BABBAGE, of Maine.

In California, SAMUEL G. HOBBS, of North Berwick, Me.

LOOK OUT FOR 1853!

New Firm. New Goods! Wholesale & Retail!

At FLAGG & WELLS' Clothing Store,

No. 5 Bridge's Block, Augusta, Me.

(Formerly occupied by R. T. BOSWORTH.)

WE would take this opportunity respectfully to inform the citizens of AUGUSTA and vicinity, that we have just returned from Boston, with a complete assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, all of which is of the first quality, and will be offered at prices as low as at any other establishment on the river. Our clothing is manufactured in a neat, fashionable style, and of the very best materials; comprising such a variety that all who may favor us with a call, cannot fail to be well satisfied. Besides our large stock of Garments for "Men's wear," we have an *entire and well selected lot* of "BOY'S CLOTHING," to which we would invite the attention of all those who are in want of any articles in that department.

Also, FURNISHING GOODS of every description, and of the best quality; together with a most desirable assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. &c. All constantly on hand and for sale "cheap as the cheapest."

N. B. CUSTOM WORK, in all its various branches, done at short notice, and in the best possible manner.

Garments cut to order and warranted to fit.

Don't forget the place. FLAGG & WELLS,

Augusta, Jan., 1853. 2 No. 5 Bridge's Block.

NOTICE.

THE Augusta Mutual Fire Insurance Co. have made an assessment upon the Premium Note, to meet loss up to Jan. 1, 1853. The same will be due and payable at the Treasurer's Office on the 1st of March next.

W. F. HALLETT, *Treas.*

Augusta, Jan. 5th, 1853. 3w2

Flour, Corn, Wheat and Rye.

ALL the different brands of Extra FLOUR, such as Hiram Smith, Premium, Byron Perkins, Heywood's Pastry Flour, &c. &c. Also, Fancy Ohio and Superfine, S. fine Genesee; Yellow Flat Corn, Banner Seed Wheat, Rye, Oats and feed on hand and for sale by CHARLES H. MULLIKEN,

One door north of the Post Office.

Augusta, Jan. 1, 1853. 2

CLAPBOARDS AND SHINGLES.—All the different qualities of Pine and Spruce Clapboards, also Pine and Cedar Shingles, constantly on hand in storehouse, in quantities to suit purchasers. For sale, low for cash, by

GEO. DARBY or CHARLES H. MULLIKEN.

Augusta, Jan. 1, 1853. 2

Wanted,

5 TONS DRIED APPLES, for which cash will be paid.

Jan. 3, 1853. 2 BLANDING & DYER.

FOR SALE.—30 tons Fresh Ground PLASTER, for sale by

2 BLANDING & DYER.

OPERA HOODS.—100 more of those beautiful Opera Hoods, at 75 cents each, just received by

2 W. J. KILBURN & CO.

FISH, PORK, OIL, &c.—Fish—Cod and Pollock; Extra Clear Pork; Refined Winter Whale Oil; Yellow Bar Soap, (in boxes;) Mould Candles; Butter Salt, in 20 lbs. packages. For sale by the package, very low for cash, by

CHARLES H. MULLIKEN, 1 door north of the P. O.

Augusta, Jan. 1, 1853. 2

SALT.—2000 bags Ground Rock Salt, of superior quality. Also, 50 hhds. Liverpool Salt, in prime order and clean—for sale by ELIAS G. HEDGE, South Market Sqr.

Augusta, Jan., 1853. 2

TEAS.—100 Chests, ½ Chests and Boxes, of Souchong, Ning Yong, Oolong, Orange Pekoe, and Hyson Teas, for sale by

Jan., 1853. 2 ELIAS. HEDGE, So. Market Sqr.

FARE REDUCED TO PORTLAND,

VIA WINTHROP.

STAGES will leave AUGUSTA for WINTHROP every day, (Sundays excepted,) at 9½ o'clock A. M.

RETURNING, leave Winthrop at 4 P. M., or on the arrival of the last train of Cars.

FARE from Augusta to Winthrop, 50 cents; from Augusta to Waterville, 75 cents; from Augusta to Portland, $1.25.

Augusta, October 5, 1852. 41 J. MITCHELL.

WILTON YARN.—The subscribers are the *only* agents for the sale of the Wilton Yarn in this city.

Jan. 4, 1853. 2 W. J. KILBURN & CO.

CARPENTER & CO.

HAVE removed their EXPRESS OFFICE to the Bookstore of A. GAUBERT. 2 Jan. 4, 1853.

COD FISH.—200 qtls. Cod Fish—several qualities—for sale by 2 ELIAS G. HEDGE, So. Market Sqr., Augusta.

PICKLED FISH.—A large lot of English Herrings—in bbls. and half bbls.—an excellent article, and a good substitute for Mackerel. Also Mackerel, for sale by

2 ELIAS G. HEDGE, So. Market Sqr., Augusta.

400 Sack Makers Wanted.

TO whom *CASH* and the *HIGHEST PRICES* will be given. W. H. CHISAM.

Augusta, Jan. 4, 1853. *4w2

PHRENOLOGY, OR "HUMAN NATURE."

O. S. FOWLER, of New York, will Lecture on Human Science, at WINTHROP HALL, on evenings and subjects as follows: Monday, Jan. 3. Signs of Character. 5th, Self Improvement. 6th, Memory. 7th, Matrimony, or Scientific Love and Selection. 8th, Courtship and Married Life. 9th, Natural Religion. 10, Woman's Phrenology, Rights, &c. 11th, Male and Female Perfection. 13th, Splendid Children. 14th, all examinations, commencing at 7 o'clock, and closing with public examinations.

First and Sabbath evenings, free. Tickets 12½ cents; Course—do. men's 75 cents; women's 50 cents; both $1.

Private examinations at his rooms.

Augusta, Dec. 29, 1852. 1

SULPHUR VAPOR BATHS.

Remedy for Cutaneous and Rheumatic Affections.

THE diseases which are most speedily and effectually cured by these Baths, are Cutaneous and Rheumatic Affections, and the readiness with which some of the most obstinate cases yield to this mode of treatment is truly surprising. The Medical Profession have long known much of the medical properties of Sulphur, but the great difficulty has been in applying the sulphur fumigations in an agreeable manner to the patient. That difficulty is now removed by DR. SWETT'S SULPHUR VAPOR BATH, which renders their application pleasant and safe. They are now established in many of our cities, and are becoming both highly useful and popular.

DR. FLANDERS, having established a Bath in rooms under WINTHROP HALL, Winthrop Street, Augusta, is prepared to administer the Baths to all who may be disposed to avail themselves of their efficacy. DR. W. FLANDERS.

Augusta, Dec. 1, 1852. 49

Extension Dining Tables.

MAHOGANY and BLACK WALNUT EXTENSION DINING TABLES constantly on hand and for sale by

Augusta, December, 1852. 50 DANIEL P. KNOWLTON, on Oak Street.

COD LIVER OIL.—Superior Cod Liver Oil, the best in the market, a new supply just received by

48 EBEN FULLER.

COSTAR'S RAR EXTERMINATOR—the best article ever used to kill Rats and Mice. It is sure death to them.—Call at COFREN'S and get a box—it's cheap. 48

G. W. CHASE,

Manufacturer of REED ORGANS, and Carhart's Patent MELODEONS, New Sharon, Maine.

PRICES 10 to 33 per cent. *less* than Boston prices. Organs for Churches, five octaves, two stops, grained case, $90. Do. and heavy Pedal Bass, $100. Carhart's Melodeons, four octaves, $40 to $45; four and a half octaves, $55; five octaves, $65. Piano style, five octaves, $75 to $80. *ORGAN MELODEONS* for Churches, with two to eight stops. Two stops, stained case, five octaves, $90. Do. rosewood case, $100. Do. four stops, $150. Do. eight stops, $200. Every instrument warranted. 51tf

S. N. WILLIAMS, (Successor to A. J. Pierce,)

DAGUERREOTYPE GALLERY,

Granite Hall Building, Water Street, Augusta, Me.

LIKENESSES taken in Clear or Cloudy Weather. *Hours for Children*, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Painted or Daguerreotype Likenesses accurately copied. Mr. PIERCE will remain a few weeks at the Rooms.

☞ Stock and Apparatus for sale at Boston prices.

Augusta, Oct. 20, 1852. 43tf

SEWING MACHINE.

SINGER'S *Patent Straight Needle Perpendicular Action Sewing Machine*, secured in the United States by two distinct patents, the first granted August 12, 1851, the second April 13, 1852. The only machine privileged to use a straight needle. Within a short time it has been awarded seven gold and silver medals at Fairs in different States. In less than two years the great reputation of this labor-saving machine has been established in this country and in Europe. What spinning machinery is to the old spinning wheel, Singer's Sewing Machine is to other modes of sewing. It has already triumphed over inveterate prejudices arising from the sale of imperfect and worthless machines. It has been introduced extensively into large manufacturing establishments and into the hands of individual operators. It sews every variety of materials, coarse or fine, *Cloth or Leather*, with marvellous rapidity and surprising strength and beauty, performing the work as fast as ten persons and much better than it can be done by hand. This machine is compact, ornamental, durable, and is easily adjusted and operated. Full printed directions for using it are furnished with each machine. The price, with all apparatus complete, is $125.

Some persons are endeavoring to sell Territorial Rights for Sewing Machines which make a double tambour raveling stitch with *two needles*, and orders are received for such machines *to be furnished for* $25. These machines are not in a form to be of any practical use. The two needles cut and weaken the materials sewed, and they use twice the quantity of silk required for good machines. They are quite inferior to Wilson's, Lerow & Blodgett's, and other machines which the public have tried and rejected, and would be bad property if they could be had for nothing.

Exclusive r

The Muse.

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more of the clanging hoof,
And the stage-coach rattling by;
For the steam-king rules the traveled world,
And the old pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal
Where once the stage horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And bright-eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheels, rumbling sound;
And, ah, the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
And the horse has sought the plough;
We have spanned the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now!

The old turnpike is a pike no more,
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
Which we ride at a flying rate;
We have filled up the valleys and levelled the hills,
And tunnelled the mountain side;
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge
Fearlessly we ride!

On—on—on—with a haughty front!
A puff, a shriek and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
To babble back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers seek the plough;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now.

THE ANGELS OF GRIEF.

BY WHITTIER.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel:
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

The Story-Teller.

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

THE ESTRANGED HEARTS.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

And now, throwing herself across the fauteuil, Margaret buried her face in the soft cushions, and, for a few moments, gave way to the most violent emotions. There were no self-accusations mingled with bitter upbraidings of her husband's conduct. She was the injured one, and she resolved that her husband should confess it, and sue for pardon before she would restore him to favor. What had she done? Nothing. But he! no words were sufficient to express the measure of his condemnation. A noise startled her. She looked up. Her comb had fallen from her head, bearing with it the heavy veil, and now her rich black tresses fell in masses over her opera cloak, contrasting strongly with its snowy whiteness. She flung back her hair from her temples which were throbbing painfully; she pressed her small jewelled hands over them, and rising slowly, while her cloak fell to her feet, she caught the reflection of her symmetrical and richly robed form in the mirror opposite. Fascinated by her own wild, gleaming beauty, she drew nearer, crushing, as she did so, her fallen bouquet.

Alas! thus destructively was she trampling down her life's flowers.

"Me!" she said, still looking on her image in the glass. "Is it possible that Howard Dorrance has treated *me* so shamefully! How many times before I was his wife did he promise to study only *my* wishes; and now, because I persevered in the accomplishment of *one* desire, he has vented his passion thus insultingly upon me! paid no regard to my feelings even before another; adding abuse to insult!" and she glanced down upon her arm.

The sound which had before startled her, was repeated. A window-shutter creaked; it might have been the wind; but terrified, she stole from the room, across the hall, and into the library back. The light was still burning there, and the first thing that her eyes fell upon was the open drawer, which her husband had forgotten to close. She lifted the gay wreath, and read the name and date. It dropped from her trembling hands, and hurriedly she looked through the other momentoes. Once she thought to tear open a package of letters, but she dared not do that; the ribbon that fastened them was sealed. At length she came to the long curl of chestnut hair, and now her face blanched, and her lips grew pallid. Wrenching it apart, she would have thrown it upon the coals; but suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, a smile of triumph flitted from her eyes, and she replaced it carefully in the paper; as she did so, she looked towards the door. It was ajar, and the blood crept chillily through her, from head to foot, as she met Edward Graham's eyes bent upon her. With his finger upon his lips, he approached her with noiseless footsteps.

"Do not be frightened. I will explain to you in a moment how I came here. There, sit down; you will be ill; you look so now, with your white face and pale lips. My dear Mrs. Dorrance let me tell you how I worship you, that I may have some excuse for intruding upon you as I have done."

Margaret's voice was hoarse as she answered.

"No, you must tell me nothing; what would he say, if he were to find you here! Go—go, I beg of you. I tremble to think of it."

"I will go, if my absence will relieve you any. Oh, Margaret, if I dared to plead with you to go with me! Why will you stay to subject yourself to such treatment as I have witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, will you not let me protect you from him!"

Mrs. Dorrance's mind was pre-occupied! She evidently did not understand his meaning, for she answered calmly.

"You are very kind. I am sorry that you have shared his anger with me; but you must excuse him for my sake. I never saw him so rude before. As for me, I could have forgiven and forgotten all, had it not been for this," and she pointed to the table; "see there, Mr. Graham, he does not love me; he never has; there lie the hoarded momentoes of a deeper love. Tell me, for you must know, was my husband ever your sister's professed lover!"

Edward Graham's thin lips were compressed tightly, and his grey eyes glittered with a steel-like brilliancy, as he answered.

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance, when he first saw you, he was Helen's betrothed."

"I will be revenged upon him," she said quickly, while her eyes flashed with their fire.

A half-suppressed smile wreathed Graham's lips as she spoke; and when she arose, and taking a pair of scissors from a work-basket near, and approaching him, asked permission to cut a lock of hair from his head, he could not restrain the exultant glow which lit up his features.

She laid the hair idly upon the table, as she would had it been a feather or a scentless flower, and then he saw that, in his eager haste, he had gleaned hope for the advancement of his purpose, where there had been none for him.

"I must beg you, as the friend of my husband," here Graham's eyes resumed their steel-like glittering, but the unconscious Margaret continued, "not to expose our unhappiness. I know not how much you have seen, nor how you saw it, for I thought the door closed upon you, as I came into the house."

"I will explain to you," interrupted Graham. "When your husband shut me out so rudely, I observed that one of the drawing-room shutters had been but slightly closed, and still remained unfastened. I sent the hackman off, and, stationing myself upon the balcony, I watched, fearing that Howard might have been to some club-meeting, and returned under the influence of wine, and that you might suffer from his violence. I could not account for the change in his manners in any other way. I saw all, and after he had left the room, I would have come to you, but at each attempt to open the shutter wider, I saw that I alarmed you. When you went out into the hall, I crept carefully and quickly in, and divining that you had gone to the library, I followed you. You know the rest."

"How imprudent!" was the exclamation that escaped Margaret's lips.

A frown darkened Graham's brow. "I am nothing to you, Mrs. Dorrance," he said impatiently; "you do not even seem to consider me a friend.

"How can you say so, Mr. Graham!" and she extended her hand, "I have always thought well of you; but you must see how imprudent you have been to-night—what a position you have placed me in if my husband should appear now. I wish he would though! I wish he would!" she added eagerly, "I would not explain one word to him; he should suffer what he deserves to suffer!"

"Thought well of me!" repeated Edward Graham, "you have thought well of me, you say; Margaret Dorrance, if your whole heart was freighted with love for another, if his voice was the only music that your ears cared to listen to, his smile your only sunlight, would you be satisfied that that one should only think *well of you* in return!"

Mrs. Dorrance's large eyes first dilated with surprise, then dropped beneath the steady and burning gaze that met her own.

"Mr. Graham," she said, "I am a wife, and I cannot listen to such words; I beg you to leave me now. Had I ever dreamt that your kindness to me arose from other feelings than those of friendship, I should never have met it as I always have."

He did not turn his eyes from her, as he answered,

"Yes, you are a wife—an unloved wife these papers bespeak you—your own heart tells you that it is so. Margaret, listen to me; you said but now that you would have revenge—you cannot love one who so tyrannizes over you, while his heart is devoted to another—you cannot love—"

"I do, I do love him," broke out Mrs. Dorrance, "I love him but too well; but he shall never know it: I will convince him to the contrary," and she sighed heavily as she thought that by that evening's conduct, and by her harsh and hasty words, she had already, perhaps, too well convinced him.

She crossed the library to the door, and opening it, said,

"I would have you go this moment;" and as he approached, she added, "if you ever wish me to consider you in the light of a friend again, do not speak another word to me of love. I will bury the past within my own bosom, and trust you will give me the same promise."

He did not answer; but he raised her hand to his lips, and in another moment left, cursing in his heart the precipitate haste which would now place her upon her guard towards him. The front door swung to heavily after him; and Mrs. Dorrance went down to the drawing-room, and bolted the shutters which she thought Richard had so carelessly left unfastened.

And now falling back upon the same fauteuil where she had thrown herself an hour before in such a storm of passion, she gave herself up to reflection. She saw the dangers to which she had exposed herself, and she no longer wondered that her husband would have shielded her from the world and its temptations. And now, her conscience once awakened from its slumber, failed not to accuse her of her errors. The veil was stripped away which self-love had thrown over all, and humbled at the sight, she would have gone to her husband with penitent confessions, had it not been for the relics of the past which the open drawer had revealed to her.

"I cannot doubt that he *has* loved me," she said to herself, as she recalled many incidents of their married life, "I cannot doubt it, and it is *I* who have driven him back to the memories of his first love. But he wronged me in concealing *that* from me; had I known his heart had once been another's, I should have been more careful of it; but I was too confident of my own power. Now, if I should tell him that I had done wrong, that I saw my errors, how would he exult over me, always holding up his first love as a sort of bugbear to frighten me into submission. No, he shall not do that. I will adhere to my first purpose; he shall think that *I too* have momentoes."

So fostering a spirit of revenge, she put out the lights, and went back to the library.

Taking a slip of paper from her own writing-desk, she wrote upon it, "Edward. Midnight. *Amor et constantia.*" Then enclosing the lock of hair which she had severed from Graham's head, she laid it in her unlocked drawer.

She went up to her children's bed-chamber, and, after awakening Matty, she stole softly into her own room for her night dress. What was her surprise to find her husband still up, when she had supposed him asleep long ago. He was standing beside the mantel, and his face was as white and rigid as the marble upon which he leaned. Her heart accused her; but she would not listen to its better promptings.

"He is the one to make the first concessions," said she to herself, but she waited in vain for them. He saw her gather her things together and leave the room, without making the slightest motion to detain her.

There was no sleep for either that night; both were conscious of error; each imagined the other guilty of a wrong.

Howard Dorrance had been aroused from the revery in which he had indulged, after leaving his wife, by hearing the shutting of the front door. Hastening to the window, fearing that his wife, in her impetuosity, was fleeing from him, he had seen Edward Graham leave the house. Struck with surprise, and supposing, of course, that his wife must have admitted him, he had tortured himself with suspicions, until his brain was in a whirl.

Thus were two hearts, each fondly loving the other, (one from the faults of education, incapable of making the sacrifices which love required—the other, forgetting to make allowances for the tendency of that education,) and now still farther separated by a whirlpool of pride, jealousy, and passion.

CHAPTER III.

"Her vengeful pride, a kind of madness grown;
She hugged her wrongs; her sorrow was her throne!"
BULWER.

"So pr'ythee come—our fete will be
But half a fete if wanting thee!" POPE.

In the weeks that followed, Margaret Dorrance had ample time to regret her obstinacy. The breach that separated her from her husband seemed daily to widen. He gave her no opportunity for explanations; but treated her with studied coldness whenever they met. Her apartment he had ceased to share since that fatal night.

She felt now how much easier it would have been to have yielded to his wishes—even to have renounced all society—than to bear the penalty which her perverseness had brought upon her.

Often had she been on the point of throwing herself at his feet, and begging for a return of his love; but then pride would hold her back with its iron grasp.

Oh, how truly has it been said that "pride is to be conquered as a man would conquer an enemy." Few there are that realize how it plants the thistle and the thorn in the garden of the affections—how it turns the heart to a desert, and unseals the Marah, which with its surging flood sweeps away all the holy affections.

Margaret felt but too truly that the difference which had separated her from her husband, had also removed her farther from her God. She could not call upon Him as before, when, looking upon her children and her husband, she acknowledged His goodness and mercy to her, in giving her such blessings. Now, with the selfishness of an impenitent heart, she accused him of injustice; and recalling the gloomy doctrines which had been early impressed upon her memory by the pious mother, who was now no more, she thought if she was fated to be an unloved wife she would at least learn to bear it with stoicism.

Thus day after day, she wandered farther from the kingdom of Heaven; the thorns of earth wounding her, the bitter waters of her heart overwhelming her, and pride only strengthening her to endurance.

At length came an invitation to a party, given by one of her oldest and most intimate friends.

Margaret had neither inclination to go, nor spirit to prepare herself; but Emily Walton would take no refusal. Tableaux were not then out of date, and she was preparing to have them on a large scale. No one but Margaret came up to her ideas of a Rebecca, and so she coaxed Mrs. Dorrance into yielding her reluctant consent.

The day preceding arrived, and all the morning Margaret had been oppressed with an unaccountable sadness. She went into the nursery to divert her mind with her children.

Ida was asleep, but Harry had just been brought in by the nurse from a walk, and his attention was engrossed by a new toy.

"Come hither, Harry," said Mrs. Dorrance; "come sit in mamma's lap."

"No, me unt, me done wan to, me sit in me own lap."

"Oh, Harry's a naughty boy to speak so to mamma! Well, never mind; when poor mamma dies, and is buried up in the cold ground, then little Harry will feel bad."

The tender-hearted fellow dropped his toy, and burst into a sob, the big tears rolled down his cheeks, his breast heaved, and he said reproachfully,

"Ou no do right to talk so to me; done ou see how bad ou make me feel!"

His mother was ready to clasp him to her heart, when suddenly his whole countenance changed. Resuming his former independent tone, and at the same time picking up his toy, he said,

"Well, me done care; *me* never mind: when ou die, me papa get me *new* mamma very quick."

Margaret was so vexed at this sudden turn that she felt like shaking the boy; but controlling herself, she left him to the nurse, who was mightily pleased at the spirit evinced by his answer.

And thus every little event of that day seemed to have a tendency to depress her more and more; and when the hour approached that Mrs. Walton had promised to send her husband for her, she stood shivering, although beside a glowing fire, feeling that she would be willing to die, could she but once more rest her head upon her own husband's breast.

She had ordered her own carriage that night, and, at the appointed hour, it was punctually at the door.

Mr. Walton had not come. Oh, the relief, if she should not be obliged to go!

Once more she went to her boudoir—the darling little room, where she had passed so many happy hours with her husband, he reading aloud to her their favorite books; while she, pillowed upon a lounge, listened, wondering if ever human voice had equalled his in its richly modulated tones.

Now, she stood there alone. Alone! and oh, so wretched! Whichever way she turned, the lofty mirrors reflected back a pale face, with eyes that tears had robbed of half their brilliancy.

How strange it seemed!

Her dress of amber satin, with its bertha of costly lace—the delicate-colored wreath of natural jessamine flowers that encircled her head as a coronet—the embroidered demi-skirt of lace, looped up with green sprays, and jessamine buds; so much taste evidenced, so much luxury scattered around, and withal, such worlds of misery looking out from the depths of those hopeless eyes.

The door-bell rang. The servant who answered it, ushered a gentleman into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Dorrance advancing met Edward Graham.

"Mr. Graham! To what accident am I indebted for this unexpected call?"

"Mrs. Walton commissioned me last evening to call for you to-night, Mrs. Dorrance. Her husband, she said, would be unavoidably detained?"

Mrs. Dorrance's lips smiled; but her eyes changed not from their dim sorrow, as she answered,

"As Emily has not kept her part of the compact, I am released from mine. I shall not go to night, Mr. Graham, and am sorry to have given you all this trouble. I will not detain you one moment longer."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your friend made me promise that I would not return without you; indeed you must go; your absence would cast a damper over the whole party."

"I am not vain enough to believe *that*, Mr. Graham," she answered with something of scorn in her manner.

"I did not say it with any intention of flattering you, Mrs. Dorrance; it will most assuredly be so, for Mrs. Walton is relying upon you to personate several characters, and without you, the whole series must of course fall through."

"I cannot help it, Mr. Graham. As Emily did not send her husband for me as she promised, I am released from attendance. You need not urge it, for even did I wish to go, you know my husband has objected to my receiving attentions from you."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your husband has taken off that interdict," interrupted Mr. Graham, eagerly, and, as he spoke, he glanced through the suite of rooms, for they both remained standing in the centre of the drawing-room. His voice might have been a semi-tone lower, as he continued:

"I met him to-day, and asked his consent to wait upon you this evening: he replied promptly, that he had no objections. I hope now you will not consider yourself justified in disappointing your friends."

Mrs. Dorrance could not account for the sudden suspicion which entered her mind that Mr. Graham had not spoken the truth. To be sure, she had ceased to regard him as a friend, since the night he had endeavoured to persuade her to forgetfulness of her duties as a wife; and associating him with the first cause of her alienation from her husband, it was no wonder that she felt a fear of his trying to separate them still farther. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon him.

"Mr. Graham, is that strictly true?"

"Upon my honor it is. What reason have you to doubt my word, Mrs. Dorrance?"

"I thought it possible," she replied, "that this might be one of the occasions for falsehood, for which fashionable life grants free and full absolution; but if it is as you say, I will not disappoint Emily; it would not be right, I suppose, for me to do so."

She prepared herself to go out to the carriage.

"You are not deceiving me?" she said.

Mr. Graham opened the door. As he followed Mrs. Dorrance into the hall, his quick eye caught a glimpse of her husband just coming out of the library. He answered, in a raised tone,

"I told you, Mrs. Dorrance, exactly what your husband said."

They were gone. Margaret had not seen the one imploring, despairing look that was cast after her. She had not a dream of the tempest of agony with which a "full grown heart," freighted with love for her, was battling throughout that weary night.

Could she but have divined it, how joyously would she have retraced her steps! with what explanations of, and concessions for, the past—with what promises for the future, would she have dispelled that momentarily increasing storm.

"False-hearted, crafty, subtle, as I believe him to be, yet has he told her all, and she has chosen to go. Now, as I said, so shall it be though it break my heart-strings."

These were the only words that escaped his lips.

And what had he said!

It was true that Edward Graham had met him, and asked his consent to wait upon his wife; but he had told him that it was to a theatrical exhibition. It was true that Mr. Dorrance had answered he should make no objections, but he had also added, "If she consents to go with you to-night, she shall return to my house no more."

The party was over. In all her characters, Margaret had seemed to excel herself. As Corinne, the whole company looked upon her with breathless astonishment, wondering to see such depth of expression, where before they had noted only mere regularity of feature and brilliancy of complexion. Whispered words of admiration followed her everywhere when the tableaux ceased; but heartsick and weary of all—the yearning for her husband's presence creeping into her breast more and more, to the utter extinction of all other emotions, she welcomed with eager joy the announcement that her carriage was in waiting.

Mr. Graham was of course her escort. He was very much animated, and profuse of praise of the parts she had so well sustained. She answered him only in monosyllables. Indeed, her mind was so preoccupied with thoughts of her husband, resolving that she would that night confess all her wretchedness to him, that she did not even observe the direction which the carriage was taking.

At length they stopped. The footman flinging open the door, said, "Shall I ring the bell, sir?"

Margaret glanced up to the house. It was her father's dwelling.

"What does this mean?" she said quickly, "drive back to my own residence—what are you thinking of, Richard!"

"Of my master's orders, madam; he directed us to leave you here."

There was an insolent tone in the footman's voice which was very galling; but collecting herself Mrs. Dorrance replied with dignity,

"You know my father is in Europe, Richard—there is no one here but his housekeeper—I am sure, there is some misunderstanding. Tell William to drive back, and then if your master still insists, I will make no objections."

"We can't do it, indeed, we can't, Mrs. Dorrance," answered Richard with more gentleness. "Mr. Dorrance told both Bill and me, that he would turn us out of his service, if we failed to obey him."

Mrs. Dorrance threw herself back in the carriage.

"My God! what is there left for me to do! my heart is broken!"

Mr. Graham bent his head, and whispered a few words in her ear.

She sprang from his side, as if he had been a serpent, and rushing up the lofty marble steps, rang the bell, peal after peal, with her own delicately-gloved hands.

The shutters were closed all the way up, but now one in the second story opened, and a voice called out,

"What in goodness' name is wanting at this time of night?"

"It is I! I! do you not know me!—Margaret, Margaret Dorrance. I beseech you, Mrs Brown, let me in quickly; I shall die if you do not."

The moments that elapsed before the door was opened, seemed to her an age, as she stood there with her opera cloak fluttering out in the wind, and the cold night air striking full upon her unprotected arms and breast.

Edward Graham had followed her, and now he said humbly,

"Before we part, Mrs. Dorrance, say that you forgive me."

She stamped her foot in frenzy as she answered,

"Go ask forgiveness of God—you need it: He may forgive you, but I never will."

The door opened, and closed after her as she went in. The carriage rattled off, and Edward Graham turned from the steps—his hypocritical, remorseless heart too utterly lost to all good emotions to feel other than disappointment at the thwarting of his designs.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GOOD THOUGHTS ON EMIGRATION.

We thank our Aroostook friend for the copy of the following Thanksgiving Day Sermon, preached at No. 11, Aroostook County, Nov. 25th, 1852, by Rev. MARCUS R. KEEP. We do not often publish whole sermons, but the following will be read with satisfaction in more than one log house on our frontier, and the doctrine in regard to emigration will be good to read anywhere:

TEXT:—"The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."—Psalms, 16: 6.

Our earthly inheritance, the home that is the depository of our comforts, may not always meet our desires; it may not be literally true that it is the greenest spot on which the sun shines; yet there is a propriety in the language of holy patriotism, as it counts up the worth of civil and domestic relations, as it looks upon the harvest fields of the valleys, and hears the song of plenty and the joyful bleating of the flocks from the hills,—there is a propriety in calling one's home a goodly heritage, and in blessing the hand that draws his lines in such pleasant places.

All this is true and reasonable with the great variety there is in the fortunes of men in the ebbing and flowing tide of human affairs—consistent with all the diversity there is in the dispensations of the Divine Hand, giving to Lebanon her stately cedars and green pastures, and to the rugged hills of the north their glistening rocks and driving snows. The land that gave me birth, or the adopted home where my own vine and fruit tree have flourished and borne me fruit, though they be not stately or luxuriant as may be found in the sunnier climes of the south, is to me a "goodly heritage." And those mysterious providences that have brought the lone wanderer to his adopted home; the hand that has guided the youthful adventurer to permanent success in his undertakings, is seen to be moved by goodness and love, while it has been drawing the lines and fastening the affections of the heart to the places of toil and conflict, hope and reward, and rearing from the fertile soil of gratitude a holy patriotism that will prize all as the gift of Heaven.

Ungrateful indulgence, as she comes from more favored lands, may laugh in derision at the contentment and love of country so common to the rugged hills of the north, where mountains of granite are their richest stores of wealth, and fields of ice their most plentiful harvests; and yet the shining mica from the hills in pillars of granite adorn the growing city with strength and beauty, and the frozen waters of the ponds cool the parched tongues of sunny plains.

It is generally true that when serious thought looks back upon the past over the roughest hedges of life's stormy way, recognizing the divine hand in all that it does, one can say, "surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all my days:" while the green of the hills, the murmur of flowing waters, and the lowing of herds coming to their stalls, all comport with the song of holy patriotism that says, "My lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. I know where boil the sweetest springs of water, where grow the statliest trees of the forest, and the choicest fruit of the vine, though that vine be so lowly and modest that it finds its home on the desert rocks of the island and mountain, away from the habitations of man. And though I wear not the plumes of fashion I know the comforts of home."

It is the pride of grateful patriotism everywhere, that whatever other more favored ones may have to enjoy, I have some comforts and blessings which they will ever know the worth of by wanting—which the proud and insolent must humbly ask at my hand.

A native citizen of Maine has occasion of pride in his State when he meets its produce in foreign lands; when the thick furs of the fox and beaver, that foretold his inclement winters, are sought to warm the persons of kings and as insignia of royalty around the globe.

What makes home a blessing and a treasure—"a goodly heritage"—is the eye that sees the sunshine of its pleasant places, the price and purpose for which it was obtained, the tenure by which it is held and the uses to which its comforts are put.

The heart finds occasion for the joyful song and is attuned to its strains when the holy ties of home are breathed in the morning and evening air—are seen in all forms—felt in all pursuits, and told in every sound of busy life.

Whether the provided comforts of any land be few or many, their worth in promoting human happiness is in the uses to which they are applied, and such uses are found in the relations of home—in the attachments of heart to the kindred sharers of the blessings and to the spot where they were sought and found. Where these chords of human sympathy vibrate in harmony—where love of kindred, country and home, employ and control the native energies of the human mind to restrain from wandering and waste, *there* will be implanted the sweet blossoms of peace and prosperity, there the sunshine of joy will abound within and without, and successive generations will come where their fathers sleep, and, with mingled tears of joy and sorrow, bedew the green turf of their graves.

It is common to most nations to have such anniversaries as call home, once in a year, each absent inmate of the family circle for a family greeting; when the tardy steps of inform old age may be quickened—when the voyager on the sea and the wanderer upon the land may look upon one resting place of their hopes—when grey hairs, middle age, youth and childhood may sit at the same board of peace and comfort and a growing posterity receive the blessings of patriarchal care. The sweetest butternuts from the grove, the fairest apples from the orchard, and the fattest fowls from the barnyard are as free as the song of "sweet home." Nowhere else but at home, the most sacred spot of earth, can those silver chords of love and fidelity vibrate to such tuneful harmony. All that makes life a joy and a blessing is centered in such a home. But the increase, the progress and the wants of society require constant migrations from the growing circles of kindred friends, though it is generally true that the home of our birth and the scenes of childhood will live in the greenest spot of the memory while we shall live. Yet the time comes when the wants of manhood call for adventure to leave the parental roof and hearth and seek another spot and make it as sacred, as worthy the affections of a coming generation.

Under the pressure of these natural wants and impulses, we, my friends, find ourselves on this day of kindred greetings and remembrances, *far* from the homes and haunts of early days. We look backward and far away with longing eyes, and can submit to the privation only through the hope and the confidence that the God of the Pilgrims has guided our wanderings to a place of rest, and what shall be to us and our children a land of promise. And ours are more than the hopes of blessings to come in the uncertain future. We make the song of joy and gratitude for present good our own, and know whereof we sing when the deep fountains of feeling overflow the heart in our song:—"Surely, the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage."

As we have already intimated, the purposes for which a home is sought and obtained determine its worth in promoting human happiness. We will now enumerate some of the essential wants and reasons that justify emigration, and that secure its promised blessings.

As the great object of emigration is to seek to find a home, they who have already such a home that meets all their real wants, are rarely, if ever, in the way of duty to leave such a home in search of another. The place where their own vine and fig tree have flourished and borne them fruit, should be to them too sacred a spot to be deserted. If they cannot say, from their fulness of gratitude, that their heritage is a goodly one, and show the sincerity of that gratitude in prizing, occupying and improving the heavenly boon—if the ambitious aims of wealth or power lead them to dispute and desert such comforts, they will learn to their lasting sorrow, that they move away from home when they emigrate. It is a common proverb to "let well enough alone," and when a real good is despised and let go, it is generally to chase a shadow. The common mania, or fever, for emigration that sometimes perrades whole communities, ensures and entails disappointment and ruin. Under the influence of this fever, as a sinful, maddening ingratitude, the choicest blessings of home and life lose all their smiles and their worth, the choicest fruits of husbandry are left to waste, and all thoughts are absorbed in the one only aim of reaching some distant Elysian field of plenty and ease; but they find that their own spirits of discontent are their portion, while their homes are far behind.

When considerations of duty induce persons to make the sacrifice of personal interests, when it is understood that a sacrifice is made, and there is a readiness to do it from a sense of obligation and duty, we will not prescribe the hand of blessing that may follow and prosper the noble purpose and the noble adventurer. But these are rare among the pioneers of the wilderness.

In cases of starving necessity—the opposite of maddening fever—when the expectations of youth have been disappointed; when the vigor of manhood is past without obtaining a competence for life; when the wants of a dependent family awaken the keenest sensibilities of nature; when these, all without house and home without bread, pack up their little all for the wilderness, to spend their first winter in the rudest hovel that poverty and haste can construct, far away from the full stores of bread, how often do we ask what mysterious skill makes them all hopeful and cheerful, carrying cheerfulness around their high piled fire without hearth or chimney; and what mysterious hand is that which so soon fills their log house with plenty?

Such efforts and such courage of the pioneer will be thus rewarded by the favoring smiles of Providence, which verifies the proverb that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." But when the spirit of discontent has despised the bounties of life when enjoyed, and when the spirit of avarice and the maddening fever of emigration impels to the Land of Gold, it is as generally true that the sacrifice and the toil are repaid with the stern necessity of privation and suffering. The adventurers for the land of gold, in search of their piles, have generally carried with them, instead of unclothed and dependent children, the means that might have clothed and fed them at home. Nothing but a *wicked* avarice would induce this unnatural disunion. And as the result of this violence to the ties of nature, and this abuse of the bounties of heaven, the human suffering that has been the result of this maddening fever for gold, is to be told to the world. The historian, who gathers up the facts and records them, will never believe his own report till he goes and counts the graves of the pilgrims that line and mark their long way across the desert; never, till he turns away from the sickening sight of unburied carcases, whose bones the mother wolf has distributed to her young. It would unstring human nerves to hear the full tale of woe that is yet to come from the mountains and rivers, and the deep pits of self-provided burial in death.

But when the object of emigration is a home, a sacred spot to which the affections of the heart may be fastened, where the rough places made smooth, and every planted tree, shall be witnesses to successive generations of their right to their inheritance—a religious home, where the altar of family worship, of prayer and praise, shall be raised, where God shall be acknowledged in the gifts of his hand, *there* will be witnessed the sunshine of his approving smiles. And the value of such a home to confer blessings on its owners will be enhanced by every scene of suffering and privation that they undergo. When the frosts of the wilderness cut off their scanty harvests of bread, the hearth where the small allowance was shared, and the great tree where the axeman fainted, are all remembered and become dearer to the heart than the barns and the storehouses that have been blessed with plenty. Such a home, when sought and found, will be prized by what it cost, and such an appraisal will perpetuate and transmit its blessings of peace and plenty. But when the restless spirit of discontent runs away from home as soon as the largest trees of the forest are felled, plundered and destroyed, and another place is heard from where pine trees are plentier and larger, life is spent always in want unsatisfied.

But we turn now to the occasion of our interest in this day and its hallowed associations. A little more than two centuries have elapsed since a band of homeless exiles embarked for the new world, then a "waste howling wilderness," inhabited by savage men and savage beasts. They committed themselves to the mercies of the winds and waves, in search of an Asylum beyond the reach of oppressing power. When the sunny months of the season were well spent in the search, and coming winter cast its shadows over land and sea, an act of treachery in the heart of their commander found them a landing place on the rock of Plymouth. What their themes of praise in song were when they gathered themselves for thanksgiving, we may be at a loss to know; but we do know that their prayers and their songs went up from grateful hearts, and that there in tears and prayer they planted the institutions of civil and religious freedom that seem destined yet to bless and save the world.

As we go down to Plymouth rock, and listen to the deep roar of the ocean waves—the winds and tides that bore our fathers thither, we pay the tearful tribute to their memories for the purity of their patriotism—for their heroic self-denial—for their constant, persevering faith in all their adventures by sea and by land. We think of their self-denial, their valor and their blood, as the price of our homes and our comforts. We speak of their struggles for life with famine, pestilence and war—with the hardships of the wilderness—with the tomahawk of the savage, and the more unnatural, unlooked for contest of blood with the mother country. We think of their first winter on the shores of Plymouth—what comforts or hopes made their hearts cheerful when hundreds gathered under only a partial shelter from the storm, within doors that could scarcely protect from the hungry beasts of the forest? But the toils and dangers at home and on the battle-field were encountered, and the protecting hand and favoring smiles of some guardian angel have given success.

The fearful sufferings of war have ended in security and peace to an independent nation. The bounties of the harvest fields have spread our boards with plenty; and around these boards the pursuits of knowledge and industry have made gray hairs and youth smile together. But in this review of the past, and in these fruits that have fallen to our lot to enjoy, we witness the hand of the God of the Pilgrims, guiding the frail bark amid the storms and billows of the ocean, when the helmsman knew not the way; giving protection from the inclemency of winter, and victory on the field of battle; and in all these changes drawing our lines in pleasant places, and giving us a heritage which we are proud to call our own. And as witnesses to the title of our inheritance we welcome the return of our annual festival, and all the endearing relations which this day awakens in the memory. And if remembrance carries our hearts back to other scenes to which the affections are still bound, we will learn from those ties of kindred home how to prize, cherish and enjoy the homes of our adoption, however distant from the homes of our birth. And as we meet with family greetings and with songs of merriment, we will here be as cheerful and as grateful with the bounties of the harvest and the blessings of social life.

FARM FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE FARM, located in the South part of Leeds, upon the road leading from Winthrop Village to Lewiston Falls, containing about 87 acres of excellent land. This Farm is divided into mowing, tillage and pasturing, with an excellent wood lot of about 20 acres. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, and produces well; it is supplied with springs and brooks of never-failing water. There is an orchard of grafted fruit of about 40 trees. The buildings consist of a story and a half house, with an L, wood-house, carriage-house, two good-sized barns, hog-house, &c. The house is supplied with a good well of water within 20 feet of the door. Said farm is within 1½ miles of the Junction of the A. and A. & K. Railroad, where there is a large Freight and Passenger Depot—about the same distance there is another Depot and Post Office, Grist and Saw Mills, Clapboard and Shingle Machines, &c, within 3 miles distance. For sale, also, one pair 3 years old steers, one cow, and 8 or 10 tons of good hay. The above will be sold on reasonable terms, as the owner is absent from the State.

Application may be made to CHARLES G. GILBERT, JR., Dover, N. H., or on the premises to CHARLES E. GILBERT. Leeds Station, Dec, 1852. 51tf

FARM FOR SALE,

THE subscriber, wishing to leave town, offers for sale a valuable FARM, situated at Monmouth Centre, one mile from the Academy, and within one-fourth mile of the Mills, the School-house, and the Depot of the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

Said Farm contains 83 acres of excellent land, 20 acre of which are heavily wooded. There is on the Farm a thrifty young orchard, a good meadow, two never-failing brooks, and more than a mile and a half of first rate stone wall. The buildings consist of a well-finished house, 32 by 28 feet, a shed 60 feet long, and a large and well-arranged barn. The Farm is located in a good neighborhood, and offers many inducements to any one in want of a pleasant residence.

Application may be made to A. STARKS, Register's Office, Augusta, or to the subscriber on the premises.

LEONARD BLENDELL.

Monmouth, Nov. 30, 1852. 6w49

S. PAGE & CO.,

DRUGGISTS, HALLOWELL,

HAVE been appointed, by the City Authorities, Agents for the sale of Spirituous Liquors for Medicinal and purposes. They are now supplied with the best qualities of Alcohol, Brandy, Gin, Wines, &c., which will be sold at low prices for the above purposes.

S. P. & Co. are wholesale and retail dealers in Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs. Purchasers will do well to call before buying elsewhere.

Hallowell, May 26, 1852. 23tf

PROSPECTUS
Of the Twenty-first Volume of the
MAINE FARMER,
An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

THE Publisher of the MAINE FARMER will commence the 21st Volume of that paper on the first of January, 1853.

For the last twenty years this periodical has been before the public as the Advocate for the progress and improvement of the productive classes of Maine, and as a medium and organ exclusively devoted to their particular interests.

During that period it has gained the confidence and support of a large portion of the community, and thereby been enabled to demonstrate the value and importance of such an organ; and it will continue, as heretofore, to give all the current news of the day, both Foreign and Domestic, a synopsis of Congressional and Legislative proceedings, together with its usual amount of Agricultural and Miscellaneous Matter.

From time to time, as often as the increasing patronage would allow, it has been enlarged and embellished with such cuts and engravings as would illustrate the subjects treated of in its columns.

No pains or labor has been spared to make the paper what it purports to be, and no amount of pecuniary expense, compatible with the means afforded by its patrons, has been withheld to make it one of the largest and most reliable papers of its class.

In accordance with previous practice, the Publisher announces to his friends and the public, that the next volume will come out in entirely new type throughout, and with a newly engraved head, the design of which has received various modifications from one of the best artists.

It will still continue under the Editorial charge of E. HOLMES, who has been connected with it from the first number, and who, for the last twenty years, has conducted it without intermission, and it is believed with satisfactory zeal and fidelity.

The publisher feels pleased and gratified with the encouragement with which his endeavors to serve the people of Maine, in his capacity, have hitherto been met. He hopes not only to deserve a continuance of the aid heretofore given him, but also to obtain a still more liberal list of subscribers, as the result of greater exertions, on his part, to meet the demands necessary "to keep up with the times." Thousands and thousands of Farmers and Mechanics in Maine do not take any paper of the kind, nor aid the Press in spreading the amount of useful knowledge which characterizes the day, or in disseminating the new discoveries and inventions which are almost daily being made in our country. To such we would offer the MAINE FARMER, and respectfully solicit their aid in continuing their old and tried friend in vigorous action, and in sustaining the heavy draft which is made upon the minds and time and labor and capital of all who are engaged in furnishing promptly and efficiently a paper solely devoted to their business and their cause.

The recent reduction of newspaper postage makes this a convenient time to subscribe. The postage of the Farmer will be

In the County of Kennebec—nothing.
Within the State, 3½ cents per quarter.
Without the State, 6½ cents per quarter.

TERMS.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum; if paid in *advance;* two doll